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★ NORAH JONES

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Rolling Stone

'NEW MOON'

Taylor
Lautner's
Wild Ride

TEEN WOLF

Tom
Petty

*The Rolling
Stone Interview*

Aerosmith
Meltdown

*Inside the
40-Year War*

Obama's
Wall Street
Sellout

By Matt Taibbi

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Daniel Martin Moore is a bit of a drifter. A native of Kentucky, he's traveled to Cameroon with the Peace Corps, crashed with his brother in Minnesota, and lived in the jungles of Costa Rica. His life and his work can be all over the map, so he depends on his mobile device to stay connected.

"I love to take pictures along the way, everywhere we go. Whether it's something we're having for dinner, or some crazy graffiti, or trees and interesting plants. I send them to our friends and family back home. Also, I don't have a laptop on the road, so I use my phone to check emails and stay in touch. But calling it a phone is a misnomer, it's really a tiny computer that fits in your pocket. There's no limit to what it can do."

Learn more about him at rollingstone.com/danielmartinmoore

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RS1093

"All the News That Fits"

NICE SLIDE
Stockdale at the
Voodoo fest in
New Orleans on
Halloween



The Wizard From Oz

IS CHAD KROEGER'S REIGN OF TERROR FINALLY OVER? Australia's Wolfmother proved they were hard rock's great hope when they returned to the U.S. with a Top 20 album, *Cosmic Egg*, and a string of tour dates, which included stops at the Voodoo festival in New Orleans. Frontman Andrew Stockdale pummeled the crowd (and showed off his freakish contortion skills) on fresh tracks like "New Moon Rising" as well as crowd fa-

vorites like "Woman" and "Dimension." Last year, Stockdale replaced two original members with new guys Ian Peres, Aidan Nemeth and Dave Atkins – and the new Wolfmother beast is badder than ever. "I've taught them how to speak the Wolfmother language," says Stockdale. "I've had moments where I think, 'Holy shit, I'm fucking lucky I've got these guys. There's real determination in this band. This is like Hendrix and the Band of Gypsies.'"

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How a skinny little martial-arts kid went from unknown to starring in the blockbuster *Twilight* franchise and dating Taylor Swift.

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Obama's Big Sellout

The president has packed his economic team with Wall Street insiders intent on turning the bailout into an all-out giveaway.

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Jamie Tworkowski, a 29-year-old surfer dude and college dropout, is trying to sell hope to a troubled generation of teenagers – one T-shirt at a time. By Allison Glock..... 64

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Tom Petty Looks Back

With the release of the career-spanning *Live Anthology*, Petty talks about the early days of the Heartbreakers and the stories behind his biggest hits. By David Fricke..... 70

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Aerosmith Update

Steven Tyler says he's not quitting – but the band is looking for a new singer. **PLUS:** The Who to play Super Bowl15

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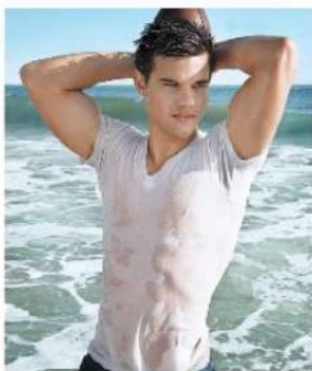
Rihanna vs. Chris

The R&B princess and the fallen prince return with new CDs. **PLUS:** Tom Petty's *Live Anthology*87

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On the Cover

Taylor Lautner photographed in Malibu, California, on October 8th, 2009.

Photograph by Mark Seliger

Styling by Annie Psaltiras for the Wall Group. Grooming by David Cox for Redken for Men. Set design by Andy Henbest for Frank Reps. Shirt by American Apparel, jeans by Paige Premium Denim, underwear by Calvin Klein.

rollingstone.com



Lautner

Taylor Lautner Howling at the Moon

An exclusive photo gallery and behind-the-scenes video from our cover shoot. **PLUS:** The *New Moon* star talks in depth about *Twilight*'s bizarre vampire-werewolf love triangle and reveals details about *Eclipse*, the next chapter in the saga, due in 2010. rollingstone.com/issue1093

POLITICS

Obama's Economy

RS contributing editor Matt Taibbi on the president's partnership with Wall Street – and how it threatens to turn the bailout into an all-out giveaway. rollingstone.com/issue1093

Q&A

Dave Grohl's Zeppelin Worship

Them Crooked Vultures' drummer on the John Bonham-inspired tattoo he gave himself at 16: “It looks like someone put a cigarette out on my arm.” rollingstone.com/issue1093

RS INTERVIEW



Tom Petty

More from David Fricke's interview with the rocker, who talks about meeting Elvis as a kid. rollingstone.com/issue1093



Gibson's Zoot Suit guitar

ONLINE EXCLUSIVES

The Great Rock & Roll Gift Guide

The lowdown on more than 100 of the holiday season's best box sets, music tech, smartphones, video games, notebook computers, musical instruments, flatscreen TVs, books, gadgets and much, much more.

PLUS: Enter our gift-guide giveaway for a chance to win a Gibson SG Zoot Suit guitar (left), a DROID smartphone by Motorola, a pair of AC/DC Chuck Taylor All Star sneakers, a copy of the photographer Jim Marshall's book *Trust* and more. rollingstone.com/giftguidegiveaway

VIDEO

The Cries Visit RS

Gary Jarman and ex-Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr on what inspired Marr to join the Cries. rollingstone.com/issue1093

Mötley Crüe Look Back at 'Dr. Feelgood'

Two decades after Crüe released their smash LP, Tommy Lee and Mick Mars tell the stories behind *Feelgood* – and why the band almost shut the album down before recording even started. rollingstone.com/issue1093

BLOGS

Readers' Poll: Best Music of 2009

On December 15th, RS will unveil the best albums and songs of 2009. We want to know what you think: Cast a vote for your favorites of the year – and the decade. rollingstone.com/bestof

'Sesame Street' at 40

The show's top musical moments, from Johnny Cash serenading Oscar the Grouch to R.E.M.'s “Furry Happy Monsters.” rollingstone.com/issue1093

VIDEO

Backstage With the Dead Weather

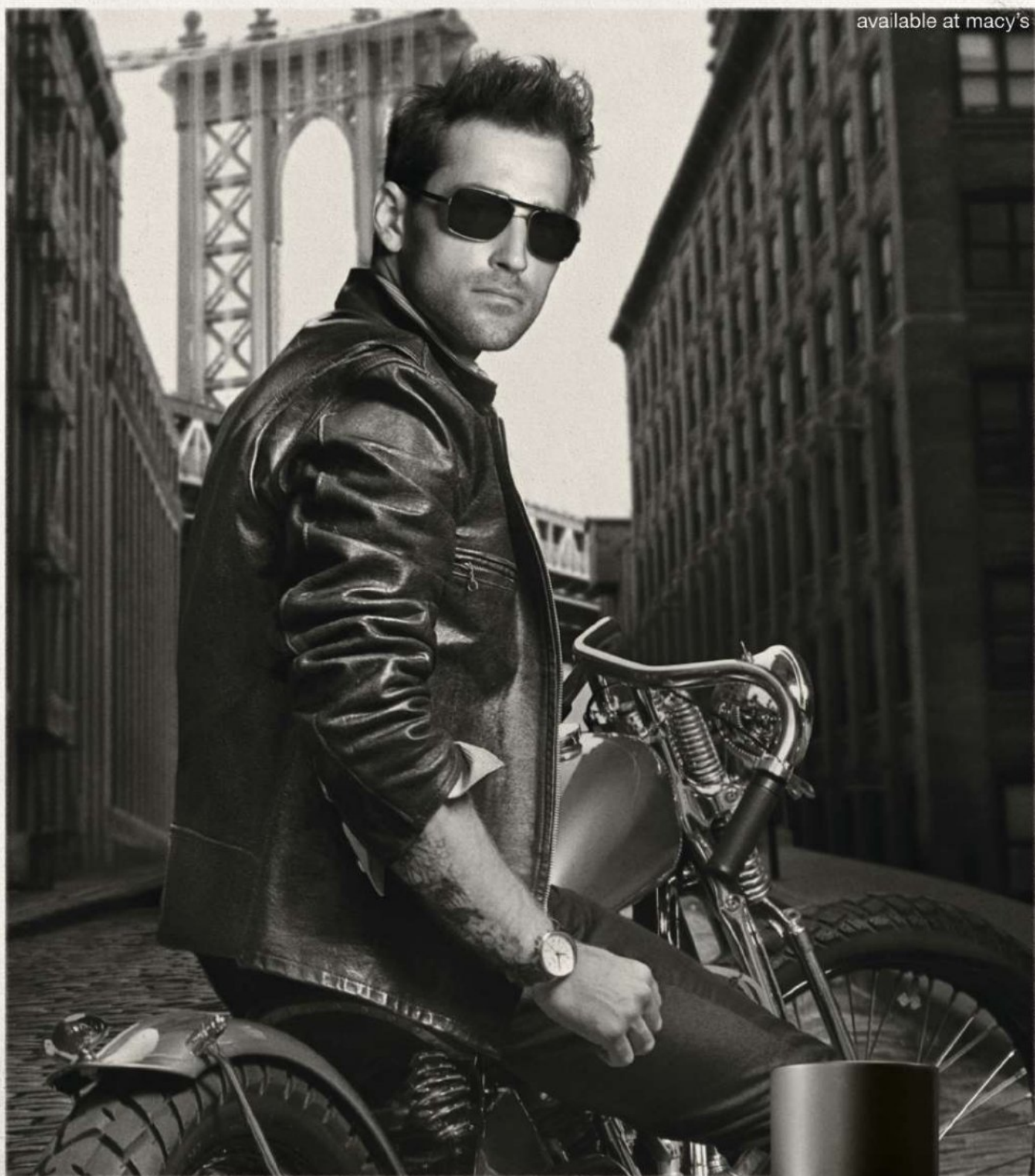
Jack White and Co. reveal plans for an “expansive” new album. rollingstone.com/rockdaily



White

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-KENNETH COLE

.....
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MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY KENNETH COLE.



Correspondence

{ Love Letters & Advice }



Fine Colombian

IT WOULD BE VERY EASY TO classify Shakira as just another cutie-pie pop star, but in "Can Shakira Conquer the World?" [RS 1091], Vanessa Grigoriadis proves she's way more. She comes across as smart and eloquent, and her determination is very refreshing. Who would have thought that the woman behind "Hips Don't Lie" believes in Freudian psychotherapy?

Marley Wilde
Tarzana, CA

BRAVA, SHAKIRA! HERE'S A woman who refuses to play by the rules but still comes out on top. I enjoyed reading about her ongoing work to alleviate Colombia's social problems – and the fact that she complains about having to get rid of cellulite, just like the rest of us!

Melora Parker, via the Internet

SHAKIRA SURE IS HOT, AND she has put out some catchy-ass tunes. But I have an answer to your question: "Can Shakira conquer the world?" Well, when she sings, it sounds like Alanis Morissette with a case of swine flu, so I'm thinking...uh...no.

Eric Bolstad
Bakersfield, CA

CAN SHAKIRA CONQUER THE world? Judging from your cover, it doesn't appear that

she can conquer more than one button of her shirt.

Daniel G. Moir, Eden Prairie, MN

YOUR STORY ABOUT SHAKIRA illustrates once again the gulf in the music industry between musicians and personalities. Shakira's drive is all about fame and money. Her label going into high gear to get a Top 10 single reveals that there is little thought paid to whether the music actually has any merit. It's just more disposable product in an increasingly disposable world.

Judd Collins, Carleton, MI

The War at Home

L. CHRISTOPHER SMITH'S chilling "The Fort Carson Murder Spree" [RS 1091] reminds us: These wars do come home. The pathetic ballad of Bressler, Bastien and Eastridge exposes a society infatuated by violence, and a military totally unequipped to ready soldiers for civilian life. Carnage may be old news in Baghdad, but sociopathic binges like these still have the power to shock.

George C. Payne
Gandhi Institute for Nonviolence
Rochester, NY

THE FORT CARSON PIECE WAS provocative, and I applaud L. Christopher Smith for calling attention to the failure of the U.S. military to properly care for our heroic soldiers. This neglect is immoral and intolerable. But Bressler, Bastien and Eastridge are not the victims – the real victims are the innocent people who were brutalized by them.

Fazale R. Rana
Upland, CA

IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT post-traumatic stress disorder has caused soldiers to "lose their moral guideposts," since we as a nation have long since lost ours. We have collectively forgotten that the occupa-

tion of Iraq remains a fraud, a cheap grab for energy that the last, oil-mad administration perpetrated and that the new administration continues.

Michael Durell, New York

I AM A COLORADO SPRINGS resident, and I just learned more from your magazine than I do from my local news. Thank you for letting me in on what is going on in my backyard.

Christine Kittel
Colorado Springs, CO

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO thank you or chastise you for the Fort Carson article. It was a riveting tale, but it casts a horrible shadow on the military. As a Vietnam vet, these stories bring me awful memories of the 1970s. The numbers in your article – 300,000 soldiers with PTSD – are scary. These men and women will soon be on our streets and overwhelm-

"Who would have thought that the woman behind 'Hips Don't Lie' believes in Freudian psychotherapy?"

ing the VA system, which is already at a breaking point.

Claude Chavez, Pueblo, CO

I WAS STATIONED AT FORT Carson for three years, and I'm sad to say that nothing has changed. The powers that be have always been lax in their care and concern for the soldiers. We'll make a convict jump through hoops to prove he's ready to go back into society, but we put a kid fresh from combat back into the world with no questions asked.

Anthony Durham, Atlanta

Price of Warming

NAOMI KLEIN'S "CLIMATE Rage" [RS 1091] sums up the grim situation well. The proposed "climate debt" ar-

rangement in the upcoming Copenhagen conference would, at best, ease the pain. The real solution would be to convert to alternative energy ASAP. The clock is ticking, and the climate issue will soon define the world's agenda.

Mike Costa, Sanford, ME

Rivers Returns

AS ALWAYS, GAVIN EDWARDS provides an intimate glimpse into the gnarly world of celebrity ["Rivers Cuomo Grows Up," RS 1091]. I've always thought Cuomo to be self-indulgent, but this piece made me like him a lot more.

Kelsey Hatcher, Chicago

I'VE ALWAYS LIKED WEEZER but didn't know why. Now I know. That Rivers Cuomo guy is one interesting SOB.

Steve Dobrusin, Detroit

Redskin Blues

MATT TAIBBI'S "HOW TO Wreck a Team" [RS 1091] was welcome comic relief for fans. No question, the Redskins have been screwed hard by a meddling owner. Taibbi's "a tour de force of executive douchery" is the funniest

line ever written about an NFL owner. But in his dismissal of pro sports in the D.C. area, he owes an apology to the Capitals, an unbelievable hockey team with great fans, many of whom used to head up I-95 on Sundays to watch the Redskins.

Steve Mapes, Atlanta

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Editor's Notes

Doubting Obama

OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS, we've made no secret of our admiration for Barack Obama. We put him on the cover three times while he was running for president, gave him our endorsement during the Democratic primaries – something we'd never done before – and featured him on the cover again after he was elected. It seemed clear to us that Obama had the makings of a transformational leader, a man of destiny equal to the challenges he would inherit from George W. Bush.

At the same time, we had no illusions – we voted for a president, not a savior. There would be mistakes and missteps, but it seemed a given that Obama would genuinely fight for the change he promised. A year later, we're starting to wonder. In this issue, contributing editor Matt Taibbi takes an alarming look at the way Obama has largely handed over the job of fixing the economy to the very people who helped destroy it: a cabal of former bankers and D.C. insiders connected to Clinton-era Treasury secretary Robert Rubin. So far, this group has done little to crack down on the banks that turned the nation's financial markets into rigged casinos. In fact, Taibbi reports, the changes Obama's team is fighting would make it even easier for banks to get bailed out when their risky bets crash. In other words, rather than halting Big Finance's takeover of economic policy, begun under Bush, Obama only seems to be institutionalizing it.

We didn't take the decision to go after Obama lightly. Just as we felt a responsibility to get behind his candidacy in 2007, we feel the same responsibility to point out how perilously close Obama is



to betraying the commitment to change he promised.

Of course, Bush didn't make it easy for him, leaving the new president two tragically mishandled wars, a hemorrhaging economy and exponentially mounting budget deficits. Yet there's too much at stake to give Obama a pass. We understand that he felt the need to bring experienced Wall Street hands into his administration as a means of reassuring the financial markets. But handing them the keys to the policy-making apparatus was a mistake we think he'll come to regret.

Obama has barely even started on his biggest job: dealing with the dire threat posed by global warming, an all-encompassing task that involves cutting carbon emissions, negotiating tough international treaties and building a new alternative-energy infrastructure. Preventing a climate catastrophe will require far more resolve than he's demonstrated so far in the battle to reform Wall Street. And time is running out.

—WILL DANA, *Managing Editor*

THIS ISSUE'S CONTRIBUTORS



Neil Strauss

Strauss, a contributing editor and Columbia University grad, wrote the cover story on Taylor Lautner. The Chicago native has been writing for RS since

1994, when his first major assignment was to cover the death of Kurt Cobain. "I never would have imagined, even in my strangest nightmares," Strauss says, "that 10 years after writing the story, Courtney Love would ask if I wanted to snort his ashes with her." He didn't do it, and he even managed to talk her out of it.



Allison Glock

A journalist for more than 20 years, Glock profiled guru Jamie Tworkowski in "Surf to Savior." Glock, who attended Indiana University, grew up "all over the South – Georgia, North Florida and Tennessee," and has held on to her childhood love of hot boiled peanuts. She was the recipient of the Whiting Writers' Award in 2004 for her book *Beauty Before Comfort*, a memoir about her bawdy grandmother's life in a West Virginia factory town.

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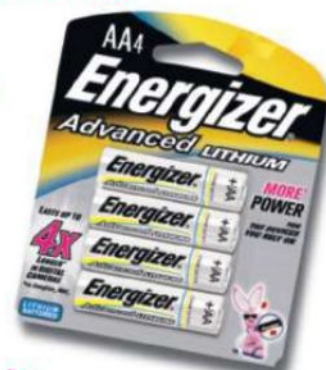
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BREAKING: THE XX

Supercool London group crafts make-out jams for indie kids. **Page 28**

Q&A: DAVE GROHL

On his "booty-quaking" new supergroup and hanging with Dylan. **Page 30**

NORAH JONES

The singer opens up about her new love (a poodle) and guitar-driven LP. **Page 32**

Rock & Roll



END OF THE ROAD? Tyler and Perry (in July) have barely spoken in months.

Aerosmith Break Apart, Tyler's Sobriety Questioned

Band threatens to find new singer as Tyler preps a solo record
By Andy Greene

WHEN AEROSMITH guitarist Joe Perry left the stage before the encore at a recent solo show in New York, the last person he expected to see backstage was Steven Tyler. The pair had been trading barbs in the press, with the frontman insisting he needed time to work on "brand Tyler" and Perry revealing that the band is looking for a new singer. "I was shocked to see him," Perry tells **ROLLING**

STONE. "He wanted to sing the final encore of 'Walk This Way,' and being an acquaintance of 40 years, I said, 'Why not?' He left right after we finished the song, and I haven't heard from him since."

Tyler didn't just sing with his bandmate – he used the gig to make a bizarre declaration: "New York, I want you to know I'm not leaving Aerosmith!" he shouted. "Joe Perry, you are a man of many colors. But I, motherfucker, am the rainbow." And according to Tyler's bandmates, things within the band are worse than ever. "His management con-

tacted us recently and told us that he wanted to take two years off," says drummer Joey Kramer. "We have a 40th anniversary coming up, and we want to celebrate it. We aren't waiting two years for him, so we've been talking to some famous singers."

Tyler has long struggled with addiction – a reality his bandmates suggest aggravated band tensions. "He doesn't act like a sober person," says guitarist Brad Whitford. "I'm not hanging out with the guy, but he has a history of drug abuse that is well-documented. For most people, [Cont. on 16]

The Who to Rock Super Bowl

Halftime gig kicks off big year – including new album, live dates
By Brian Hiatt

SURVIVING WHO members Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey "have never been closer," according to the guitarist – and the Who are set to kick off 2010 with a Super Bowl

PREVIEW

halftime performance, a new studio album and at least some live dates. U2, Bruce Springsteen, Prince, Tom Petty and the Rolling Stones have all taken turns at the halftime show this decade, receiving major commercial boosts after playing to TV audiences as large as 100 million people – and the Who are set to be the latest, playing February 7th in Miami's Dolphin Stadium, according to sources familiar with the deal.

Townshend is recording demos for the Who's next album, a concept record tentatively titled *Floss* (it follows 2006's *Endless Wire*, which was their first since the early Eighties) – and he intends to play Daltrey some music when the singer returns from his current solo tour. Recording could begin as soon as January. "I'm happy about [Cont. on 18]

AEROSMITH

[Cont. from 15] full-blown recovery is a tough thing to pull off." Kramer is also concerned. "I hope that Steven takes the time to put the focus on Steven and get healthy and take care of himself," he says. Tyler declined to comment for this article, saying through a spokeswoman that he's too busy working on a memoir.

In 2006, Tyler divorced his wife, Teresa Barrick, after 17 years of marriage, and also revealed he had hepatitis C. Last year, the singer—who battled heroin addiction through the 1970s and 1980s—returned to rehab for an addiction to painkillers. This summer, he was spotted purchasing wine, but later claimed the alcohol was for a friend's wake. His daughter Liv Tyler has said they have virtually no relationship these days. "He has been going through a lot of things on his own, and he hasn't been around that much," she said earlier this year. "I really wish he was around more, to know [my son], but he has to go through what he goes through."

Last year the band booked studio time with Bruce Springsteen and Pearl Jam producer Brendan O'Brien, but nothing came of the sessions. "The songs we were doing were closer to old-school Aerosmith," says Kramer. "Stuff like *Toys in the Attic* or *Rocks*." Adds Whitford, "We were very excited to work with Brendan—he was number one on our wish list. You couldn't ask for a nicer person. He bent over backward to do whatever he could to make Steven feel comfortable, but he still walked out after two or three weeks."

Also this year, Tyler hired his own manager and began planning a solo album. "He'd been talking about getting his own manager for years, and I was like, 'Well, stop talking about it,'" says Whitford. "If you need someone else to rep-

The Decline and Fall

Aerosmith have been close to imploding since the Seventies. Here are five of their lowest lows:

1979

Joe Perry Quits the Band

Backstage at a Cleveland gig, Perry's wife throws a glass of milk at bassist Tom Hamilton's wife. Bizarrely, the resulting fight, which involves the whole band, gets so heated that Perry leaves the group until 1984.

1980

Steven Tyler's First Near-Death Experience

The singer is hospitalized for two months after crashing his

motorcycle while drunk. It was more than a year before he could work again.

1983

Tyler Passes Out Onstage

In front of 14,000 Boston fans, Tyler loses consciousness. The show is canceled. Perry, then nearly homeless, had visited Tyler backstage, where the two shared high-grade heroin.

1996

Aerosmith Get Some Help

Five years before Metallica do it, the entire band goes to therapy. Remembered Perry, "Steve said to me, 'If you shot and killed my mother, I'd still visit you in jail.'"

2009

The End of Aerosmith?

After a disastrous summer tour, Tyler stops speaking to his bandmates, who begin a search for a new singer.

TOXIC TWINS Perry and Tyler onstage for the band's 1984 reunion tour



resent you, do it.' It was always put in the context of a threat, which was not understandable on my part."

When the group hit the road this summer without new material, the tour was a fiasco:

"He doesn't act like a sober person," Brad Whitford says of Tyler.

Sales were sluggish, and the outing was plagued by a seemingly never-ending series of medical issues. The band had played only 14 shows when Tyler fell off the stage while singing "Love in an Elevator" in South Dakota. He broke his shoulder and received 20 stitches on his head. Aerosmith canceled the rest of the tour.

Post-accident, Tyler's bandmates say they lost touch with the singer. "I've tried to call or text him a number of times since then, and I haven't got-

ten any reply," says Kramer. Recently, Perry called Tyler to discuss a proposed tour of South America in December. "He said he didn't want to do it, and then I realized there was nobody on the other end of the line," Perry says. "I guess he hung up." The group fulfilled its commitment to play two gigs in Hawaii in October and one in Abu Dhabi on November 1st, but band relations had bottomed out. "Before we went on the road, Steven had sent out communications via e-mail that he wasn't going to be at any soundchecks or rehearsals," says Kramer. "We didn't speak to him at all."

As they look for a new singer, the remaining members aren't sure if they will even call the group Aerosmith. "We aren't going to sit around for two years and do nothing, though," says Kramer. His bandmates also have serious doubts about Tyler's ability to launch a solo career at age 61. "It'll be incredibly difficult to pull off," says Whitford. "This whole thing doesn't add up. The guys in this band would like nothing better than for Steven to come back and concentrate on what he does best."

HOT LIST



VAMPIRE WEEKEND

"Cousins"

If the Mighty Mighty Boss-tones had gotten MFAs and traded Guinness for G&Ts, they'd have made songs like this: awesomely frantic and lyrically elliptical. In a related theory, if Sublime had gone to MIT, cold fusion would be a reality. True fact!

ROBIN THICKE FEAT. JAY-Z

"Me!plé (Me I Play)"

Memo to Justin Timberlake: Listen to this sleek slice of white-boy sexiness, drag your ass out of the 19th hole and back into the studio. (No, not the SNL studio—the music one.)

YEASAYER

"Ambling Alp"

With its grimy synth burbles, electro-tribal beat and Squeeze-on-shrooms hook, the indie trio's new single couldn't be any more Brooklyn-hipster if it had bedbugs, crushing college debt and a clinically depressed girlfriend.

BOB DYLAN

"Must Be Santa" video

L'chaim! The chandelier-swinging house party depicted in this clip (complete with Bob in a blond wig) is the wildest yuletide soiree since Bowie and Bing hit the club after cutting "Little Drummer Boy."

N.A.S.A.

"Spacious Thoughts" video

This wacked-out Kool Keith/Tom Waits collabo gets even weirder thanks to a techno-nightmare cartoon video.

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Labels Gamble on New Holiday Strategies

Majors find new ways to market big names - from Eminem to Shakira

By Steve Knopper

NOW THAT THE MAJOR music chains have all but disappeared - Virgin Megastore closed earlier this year, and Best Buy and Walmart have cut back on CD shelf space - artists and labels are struggling to change the

INDUSTRY

way they market new releases during a recession-plagued holiday shopping season. "It's a really challenging environment," says Jack Isquith, senior vice president of digital music for Warner Bros. "We need to be more precise and more well-thought-out than ever, because there's less room for error."

As usual, major labels are rolling out their biggest names for fall - during Thanksgiving week, Rihanna, Adam Lambert, Shakira and Susan Boyle are putting out new albums, and Mary J. Blige, Alicia Keys and Lil Wayne are set to follow before Christmas. But with no obvious blockbuster on the horizon, retailers say the fourth-quarter release schedule is unlikely to rescue a business suffering from a 13 percent drop in album sales this year and 45 percent since 2000. "It's decent," says Carl Mello, director of CD purchasing for the 28-store New England



Harvest Season

Eminem (1), Lady Gaga and Beyoncé are all putting out deluxe versions of their latest albums. Rihanna (2) comes out during Thanksgiving week, along with Adam Lambert and Shakira. The Beatles (3) reissues and Michael Jackson's albums lead booming catalog sales.

music chain Newbury Comics. "Not like 2004, when you had U2 and Gwen Stefani, but not awful."

This year, Michael Jackson's death spurred more than 5.6 million record sales, according to Nielsen SoundScan, and the Beatles remastered their albums - making catalog sales a key part of labels' strategies. After putting out Neil Young's long-awaited archives in early summer, Warner reissued his remastered first four albums in vinyl and CD packages over Thanksgiving, and will put out *Dream-*

in' Man Live '92 on December 8th. After Christmas, to take advantage of the iTunes gift-card market, the label will release Young's entire archives online. In addition, five versions of Tom Petty's *The Live Anthology* arrived Thanksgiving week for around \$20, including a Best Buy exclusive with 62 tracks and a Blu-ray audio disc. "While the industry is down this year, the catalog business is quite healthy," says Cliff O'Sullivan, Universal Music Distribution's senior vice president of group marketing.

The continuing digital-music boom - track sales recently hit 1 billion for the first time in one year, according to Nielsen SoundScan - means more Internet-only releases than ever. The Flaming Lips plan to put out their version of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* as an iTunes exclusive just before Christmas, and Green Day will release a retrospective online around the same time. But labels still hope to cash in with deluxe editions of recent hit CDs, including Beyoncé's *I Am... Sasha Fierce* and Lady Gaga's *The Fame Monster*, both due Thanksgiving week with extra tracks. Eminem's *Relapse: Refill* is due December 22nd and contains the original 2009 album and seven new tracks, in lieu of a new release.

And the most reliable way for major labels to make money this holiday season, label executives acknowledge, remains luring older customers into stores. After signing a deal to promote their record through exclusive appearances on NBC, Bon Jovi's *The Circle* debuted at Number One. And Universal hopes crooner Andrea Bocelli's recent *My Christmas* can match Josh Groban's 5 million-plus-selling *Noel* from 2007. "The older consumers - they're the ones that still buy records," says a top major-label source. "The flip side of that is they buy one record a year, and the one they buy is usually around Christmas."

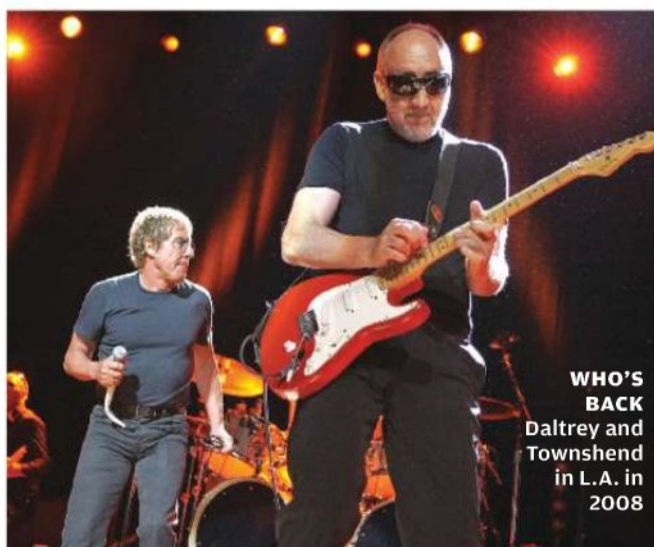
THE WHO

[Cont. from 15] the progress I'm making," Townshend said in an e-mail to *ROLLING STONE*. In August, he described the album as "an ambitious new project for me, in the style of *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia* [that] touches on the current issues faced by the boomer generation."

The Super Bowl performance is due to be announced on Thanksgiving Day, though final negotiations were still taking place at press time. One industry rumor suggested that the Super Bowl would launch a farewell tour for the Who -

but while the group is likely to play some shows in the late summer and fall, Townshend emphasizes that the Who (which in their current touring incarnation includes drummer Zak Starkey and bassist Pino Palladino filling in for Keith Moon and John Entwistle) are far from over.

"There is no farewell tour planned for 2010, and the Who are not disbanding," Townshend says. "I love playing with this band I call 'Who 2.' It's easy, and I catch fire, and I lose myself in the music - I've had some of my best moments onstage with Roger in the last four years."



WHO'S BACK
Daltrey and Townshend in L.A. in 2008



HUMAN TOUCH
Springsteen at
Madison Square
Garden in
November

E Street Band Look Back at Two Years of Rock & Roll Magic

Joy, sadness and insane covers: Springsteen wraps up his epic tour
By Andy Greene

AFTER TWO YEARS ON the road with the E Street Band, it was probably inevitable that Bruce Springsteen would eventually make a mistake. "Good evening, Ohio!" Springsteen shouted on November 13th. The problem? He was in Auburn Hills, Michigan. "I was like, 'That's it - this crowd is about to rebel,'" says guitarist Steven Van Zandt. "I just grabbed him and said, 'You don't realize it, but you're saying Ohio, and we're in Michigan.' He was like, 'What!'"

It was a rare error on an epic tour that included 190 shows in 16 countries - and wrapped on November 22nd, in Buffalo, New York, with a planned full-album run-through of Springsteen's debut, *Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J.* When the trek kicked off in September 2007, the group was playing a tight two-hour set that varied little from night to night. By this fall, the show had morphed into a rollicking, three-hour-plus free-form party. "Bruce has decided he has to work out constantly, take care of his health, bang these energy drinks through the show and just push himself to exhaust-

ing levels," says guitarist Nils Lofgren. "Mix in good genes, and it just turns into a beautiful live show that is as good as anything out there."

Starting in mid-2008, Springsteen began regularly playing requests off signs held up by the audience - from punk covers ("I Wanna Be Sedated") to soul ("Sweet Soul Music"). By the end of the tour, Springsteen had added a new nightly ritual: tackling a classic album in its

"We got into rock & roll to create our own world," says Steven Van Zandt.

entirety. "It's surprising what effect this has had on the songs," says Van Zandt. "They tend to take on a different context when you play them in sequence."

For decades Springsteen refused to play the Super Bowl halftime show. This year he not only agreed but played festival gigs for the first time - headlining Glastonbury and Bonnaroo. "Some nights we see a definitely younger crowd - especially up front," says Springsteen's manager, Jon Landau. "In Europe, they're even younger."

The band was also shocked by the death of E Street Band keyboardist Danny Federici, who

left the road in late 2007 to receive treatment for melanoma. (He was replaced by Springsteen's *Seeger Sessions* bandmate Charlie Giordano.) He joined the group for an emotional version of "4th of July, Asbury Park (Sandy)" in March 2008 - less than a month before he died. "One of the reasons we got into rock & roll was to create our own world," says Van Zandt, "but sometimes the outside world intrudes, and those were two cases of it."

According to Landau, Springsteen's plans for 2010 include a live DVD from this tour and a deluxe edition of 1978's *Darkness on the Edge of Town* - which he says is "93 percent completed."

But the future of the E Street Band is less clear. Saxophonist Clarence Clemons, 67, who has had difficulty walking after knee- and hip-replacement surgeries, has flirted with the idea of retirement - while drummer Max Weinberg's commitments to *The Tonight Show* took him off the road for portions of the tour (his son Jay stepped in). "I hope this isn't the end," says Van Zandt. "It's just a matter of what happens to everybody physically if we take two years off. But if we do come back, believe me, we'll only be thinking about one thing: How can we do it better?"

TOUR BRIEFS

Bon Jovi

February 19th-TBD
Tickets: \$27-\$225

"It's gonna be a big one, brother," says Bon Jovi's Richie Sambora, whose band is gearing up for a world tour of arenas and stadiums that will last nearly two years. The trek kicks off February 19th in Seattle and will include a 10-date residency at London's O2 Arena, as well as the first-ever concerts at New Jersey's New Meadowlands Stadium. The set list will draw from both Bon Jovi's back catalog and the just-released *The Circle*, which ranges from the atmospheric "When We Were Beautiful" to instant raise-your-cellphones-high anthems such as "Superman Tonight." "I think it's just a part of our style at this point," says Sambora. "We know



we're gonna be playing to that massive kind of crowd, but from my end of it, I always wanna have big guitars and lots of drums. I like to rock it."

James Taylor and Carole King

Dates TBD
Tickets: TBD

In 1970, James Taylor and Carole King played a legendary show at L.A.'s Troubadour club, which helped launch both of their careers. Forty years later, the pair are going to re-create that evening on a Troubadour Reunion world tour that kicks off with dates in Australia, New Zealand and Japan in March and April, and will hit the U.S. in the spring and summer. (A May 14th show at the Hollywood Bowl is the only confirmed American date.) The two singer-songwriters will be focusing mostly on material from King's *Tapestry* and Taylor's *Sweet Baby James*. And they'll even be accompanied by the same session musicians who played behind them at the original Troubadour gig: guitarist Danny Kortchmar, bassist Leland Sklar and drummer Russ Kunkel. "I am nostalgic," says Taylor. "I'm susceptible, like anyone else."

'Glee,' TV's New Hitmaking Machine

How the smash musical comedy scored with Journey, Queen covers
By Nicole Frehsée

WHEN THE CREATORS of Fox's *Glee* gathered to screen the pilot of the high school choir comedy, they called in a special consultant: former Journey singer Steve Perry. "We were all biting our fingernails," says the hit show's musical director, Adam

TELEVISION

Anders, who reworks classic tunes and pop hits – including "Don't Stop Believin'" – into Broadway-style numbers. "He sat there, silent, and when the song finished, he said, 'Can I meet whoever produced this? It's great.'"

Perry isn't the only fan: Hours after the *Glee* pilot aired on May 19th – it followed *American Idol*'s finale – the cast's Journey cover shot to Number One on the iTunes chart; it has sold more than 500,000 digital downloads to date. The song is just one hit spawned by the show since its debut: Covers of Rihanna's "Take a Bow," Neil Diamond's "Sweet Caroline" and Queen's "Somebody to Love" have all popped up in the iTunes Top 10, and more than 2.5 million singles from the show have been



The *Glee* cast (1) has sung "Gold Digger" by Kanye (2). Journey's Steve Perry (3) consulted on the pilot, which featured a cover of "Don't Stop Believin'."



downloaded. "We didn't think the music would be this explosive," says Rob Stringer, chairman of Epic/Columbia, *Glee*'s label. "It's hard to sell music these days, but this proves that

if you're on prime-time TV, you can get into people's homes and get them excited."

In November, *Glee: The Music, Volume 1* – a 17-song set that includes a choir-backed

rendition of Kanye West's "Gold Digger" and a jazzy take on Billy Idol's "Dancing With Myself" – debuted at Number Four on *Billboard*'s Top 200. "We think it will be a very big gift item this year," says Amazon's Drew Herdener. *Volume 2* – featuring Kelly Clarkson and Van Halen covers – is due out December 8th, and future installments are planned for next year. "People love interpretations," says Stringer, who has also signed the show's eight stars to record deals. "Plus, we use great songs that can withstand the transition."

Glee's creator, Ryan Murphy, helms the song selection. "It's a very organic process," Anders says. "We just shoot ideas back and forth." So far, only one artist has turned the show down: Bryan Adams, whose "(Everything I Do) I Do It for You" Anders wanted for a love scene.

Big mistake: The original versions of *Glee*'s covers have seen a substantial sales bump, sparking the interest of artists from Cyndi Lauper (she successfully lobbied for a "True Colors" cover) and Gavin DeGraw (he sent Anders his CDs). "Billy Joel's manager called me and said, 'Billy wants his songs in *Glee* – you need to help him,'" says Anders, who is prepping an all-Madonna episode set for 2010. "I said, 'Cool. I'll see what I can do.'"

Michael Jackson's Last Project: His Life Story

BOOKSHELF

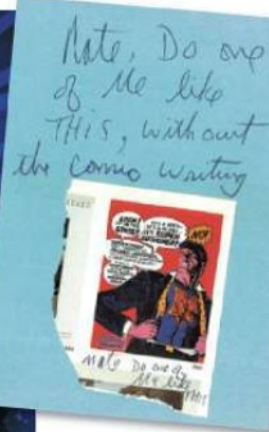


The Official
Michael Jackson
OPUS

OPUS Media
Group

IN 1986, MICHAEL JACKSON sent his artist friend Nate Giorgio a Superman comic panel with a note: "Do one of me like this." "He was at the apex of his fame, aware he was becoming iconic," recalls Giorgio, whose "Superhero" painting (right), Jackson propped up in the studio during his 1987 *Bad* record-

ing sessions. The work appears in *The Official Michael Jackson OPUS*, a 404-page, 38-pound tribute to the pop star (\$249). Sanctioned by Jackson's estate, the book – on which the singer collaborated before his death – features hundreds of unseen photos (Berry Gordy lent childhood shots of Jackson), as well as essays by pals Quincy Jones and Shaquille O'Neal. The book also offers little-known insights: For example, Jackson loved Renaissance art. "In 1988, Michael took me to Rome," says Giorgio. "They closed the Vatican for him." N.F.



POP HERO Jackson commissioned artist Nate Giorgio to paint "Superhero" in 1986. "He propped it up in the studio while he was recording *Bad*," Giorgio recalls.

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The Black Keys' Muscle Shoals Odyssey

Album Title TBD
Due Out April

By Christian Hoard

THE BLACK KEYS ASSUMED Muscle Shoals Sound Studios, where the Rolling Stones cut "Wild Horses" and Wilson Pickett made "Don't Knock My Love," would have incredible mojo. "Awesome things happened there in the Sixties and Seventies," says drummer Patrick Carney. "That's the mystique."

But when the Akron, Ohio, garage-blues duo arrived in August, they found a spare, run-down building in a ghost town. These days, the legendary Alabama studio also operates as a poorly maintained museum. "We've seen all those 'making the album' videos where U2 has an outdoor mosque with Indian rugs all over the fucking floor," says singer-guitarist Dan Auerbach. "And here we are walking around with a bag of Funyuns, totally burned out."

Fueled by local dirt weed and vending-machine snacks, the pair banged out 16 songs in 10 days, recording everything with gear that co-producer Mark Neill trucked in from San Diego. The result is an album that's darker and more stripped-down than 2007's *Danger Mouse*-produced *Attack and Release*. "We like spooky sounds," says Auerbach. "Not like Tim Bur-



SPEED FREAKS
Auerbach (left) and Carney cut their album in 10 days.

ton spooky, but more like Alice Coltrane, where a dark groove is laid down."

The disc – the band's sixth – ranges from love songs like "Everlasting Light" (with Auerbach laying a silky falsetto over a chunky glam-rock groove) to "Next Girl" (a swampy blues Auerbach wrote about an ex). "Ten Cent Pistol," a shadowy, organ-heavy cut, is about a woman who uses homemade acid to scar her cheating man. Auerbach says, "A 'ten-cent pistol' is this low-rent, heinous substance that disfigures you, like homemade napalm."

The album is the fourth the Keys have cut in the past year: There was also Auerbach's solo LP, the first disc from Carney's band, *Drummer*, and the debut from *Blakroc* – a collaboration between the Keys and rappers including Raekwon, Mos Def and RZA. That project began when former Roc-a-Fella Records impresario Damon Dash called Auerbach and Carney out of the blue. "He basically said, 'Do whatever you want to do,'" says Auerbach. "We decided to just make a good hip-hop record."

The Keys' prolific output and raw sound are deeply connected. "I heard that Butch Vig once spent three days getting a drum sound right," says Carney. "That should take an hour. I mean, how long does it take to fucking set up a microphone?" For Carney, who recently divorced his wife, it's been a long, intense year. "It's been mentally exhausting, but at the same time, I feel like a new human being," says Carney, who recently moved from Akron to New York. (Auerbach still lives in Akron.) "My shit's all different now, for the better." **ES**

Nick Jonas Explores Blue-Eyed Soul on Solo Album

Album *Who I Am*
Due Out February 2nd

By Jenny Eliscu

WHILE HIS BROTHERS spent their spring break on vacation, Nick Jonas went to work: He headed to Nashville's Blackbird Studio with three former members of Prince's New Power Generation, recording a set of new songs "that weren't good for the Jonas Brothers," the 17-year-old pop star says.

In just eight days, Jonas and his new backing band – called the Administration, in reference to his nickname, Mr.



President – crafted Jonas' solo debut. The 10-track disc marks a sharp departure from the sprightly power pop he writes with the Jonas Brothers: Songs

like "In the End" and "Olive and the Arrow" explore Seventies blue-eyed soul, while loose, noodly R&B tunes such as "Rose Garden" echo John Mayer. "It's very much like a Sixties or Seventies thing – we played together as a band and recorded with very few overdubs," says Jonas, who cites classic soul acts like Bill Withers and Stevie Wonder, along with young artists such as Jonny Lang, as big influences on the record. And Jonas is hoping to road-test the material with a short tour to promote the disc. "I hope that when people listen to it," he says, "they listen with unbiased ears." **ES**

STUDIO NOTES

■ On **N.E.R.D.**'s fourth album, due out in early 2010, leader **Pharrell Williams** is adding a new singer named Rhea. "I wanted a female voice to help me articulate things that I can't do," says Williams. "My falsetto only goes so far."

■ The **Dead Weather** might have a new record by spring, to coincide with an international tour. "We've been playing a few new songs live, and we have a lot of new ones cooking," says drummer Jack White. "If we're lucky, we'll have a new album by [March]."

AN HBO COMEDY EVENT

DANGER

**ROBIN WILLIAMS
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SUNDAY, DEC. 6, 9PM HBO

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Broadway Cranks It Up With New Crop of Rock Musicals

Behind the scenes:
Shows from U2, Green Day and others
By Nicole Frehsée

MUSICAL THEATER has to grow with the times," says Michael Mayer, who wrote and directed *American Idiot*, the rock opera based on Green Day's 2004 album. "It has to reflect the tastes of a gener-

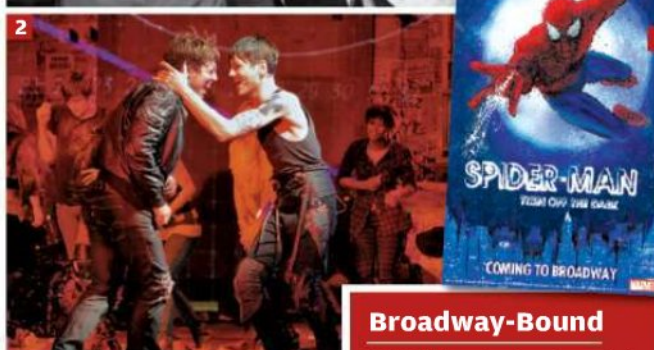
ON THE STAGE

ation that didn't grow up on *South Pacific*." Along with the U2-scored *Spider-Man*, *Idiot* is part of a new wave of rock musicals coming to Broadway. Bringing pop culture to the big stage is a smart move, especially when hit musicals are scarce. "Producers want a sure thing," says Bill T. Jones, director and choreographer of *Fela!*, about Nigerian Afrobeat pioneer and political activist Fela Kuti. "They're tapping into entertainment that the masses understand."

Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark

Composers: Bono, the Edge
Opening: February 25th

The most expensive musical in Broadway history may not even make it to the stage. *Spider-Man* – which boasts a score by Bono and the Edge and big showbiz names like *Lion King* director Julie Taymor and stars Evan Rachel Wood (as Mary Jane Watson) and Alan Cumming (as the Green Goblin) – has ballooned into a \$52 million project that's reportedly struggling to make its planned premiere. Blame fancy Hollywood-style effects: Actors swing over the crowd and land in the balcony of New York's Hilton Theatre, which is being renovated for the show. (The musical is also troubled by weak advance ticket sales and a shortage of investors.) "I can only assume it's some sort of administrative hiccup," the Edge told *ROLLING STONE*. "It's in very good shape."



Broadway-Bound

(1) *Million Dollar Quartet* features tunes by Lewis, Perkins, Presley and Cash (from left). **(2)** The stars of Green Day's *American Idiot*. **(3)** Bono and the Edge scored *Spider-Man*.

Fela!

Composer: Fela Kuti
Now on Broadway

Afropop icon Fela Kuti isn't a household name, but Jay-Z and Will Smith, who signed on as producers of *Fela!*, want to change that. This high-energy spectacle – which drew raves during its 2008 off-Broadway run – centers on the life of Kuti, who had 27 wives, lived in a compound and was jailed frequently for his political views. "He was a remarkable character," says Jones. "He had a person who did nothing more than provide him with joints."

American Idiot

Composer: Green Day
Opening: TBD

After setting box-office records in Berkeley, California, the critically acclaimed adaptation of the Green Day album is eyeing a 2010 Broadway run. The show – about disillusioned teens in post-9/11 America – is packed with music: all 13 *Idiot* cuts, plus B sides and four tracks from the

group's 2009 LP *21st Century Breakdown*. "There's not a lot of cheesy dialogue," says Billie Joe Armstrong, who co-wrote the script. "It's about making the songs shine."

Million Dollar Quartet

Composers: Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Elvis Presley
Opening: April

In December 1956, Presley, Cash, Lewis and Perkins met at Memphis' Sun Records for a legendary jam. That session is re-created in this well-reviewed jukebox musical, in which a virtuosic cast – capturing the essence of the rock greats – performs classics like "Blue Suede Shoes," "Folsom Prison Blues" and "Great Balls of Fire."

IN THE NEWS

Aussies in Arms Over Lip-Syncing

After reports surfaced in Australian newspapers that angry fans stormed out of a **Britney Spears** concert because the star was lip-syncing, Australian officials are considering a policy that would require concert tickets to indicate whether the act is using backing tapes. "It is Britney's 'prerogative' to lip-sync, and it is my job to make sure consumers know what they are paying for up front," a government minister said in a statement. Responded Spears, "Some reporters have said they love [my show] and some don't. I came to Australia for my fans." The use of backing tapes is standard practice in pop shows with elaborate choreography. "You're seeing the manipulation of vocals to an unprecedented level across the board," says Chicago promoter Andy Cirzan. "This is an accepted part of what the music industry is about: having a completely shiny, perfect nugget."

Jack White Teams With 1950s Icon

Fifties rockabilly queen **Wanda Jackson** is teaming up with **Jack White** for her next album. So far, the pair have recorded six covers, including tracks by Bob Dylan and Amy Winehouse. "I wanted to update my sound, but I didn't want to venture too far out," says Jackson. "Jack just hit a happy medium for me – it's really rockin' and pretty wild in some spots." The singer originally reached out to White to collaborate on one song, but the White Stripes frontman said he'd rather produce and play guitar on an entire album. "I haven't been successful in pickin' songs for myself, so I decided, 'Let's give him free rein,'" says Jackson.

Vinyl Sales Soar 37 Percent in 2009

Vinyl sales continue to be an unexpected bright spot in the slumping retail music market – selling more than 2 million copies this year (a 37 percent jump compared to 2008), a record in the CD era, according to Nielsen SoundScan. Still, vinyl sales are a tiny part of the record business – the bestselling LP of 2009, Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, has sold just 25,000 copies.



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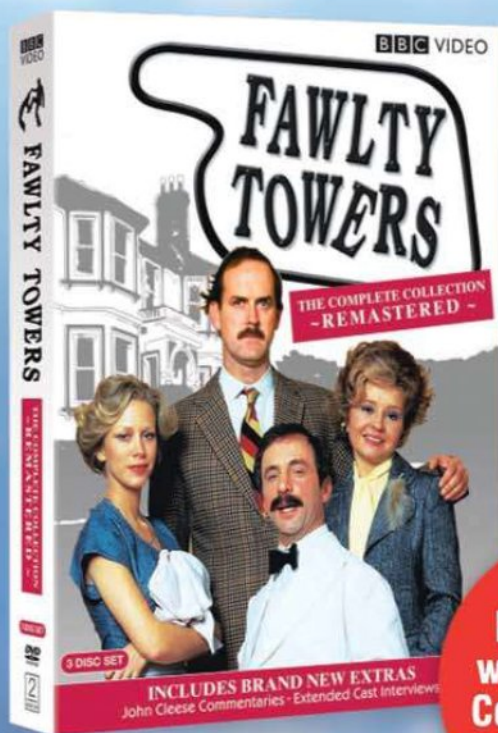
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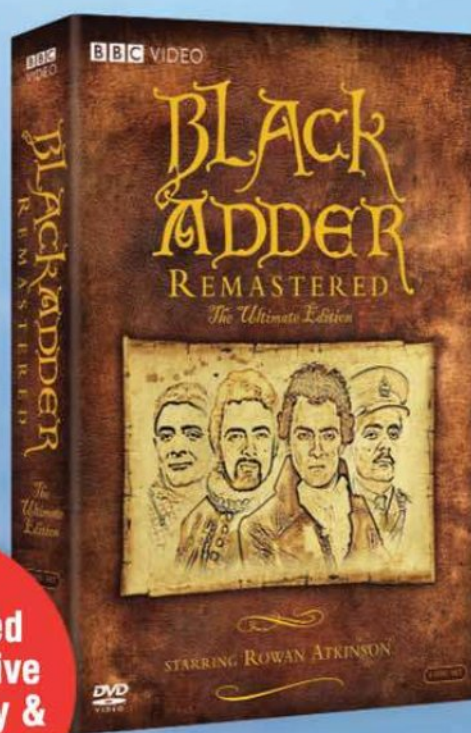
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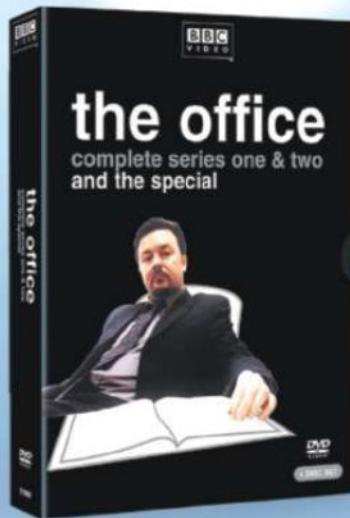
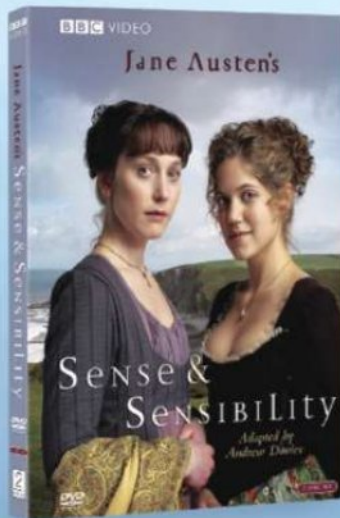
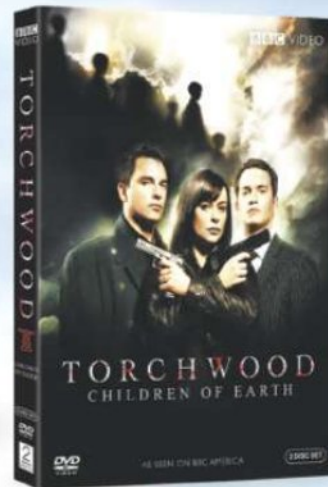
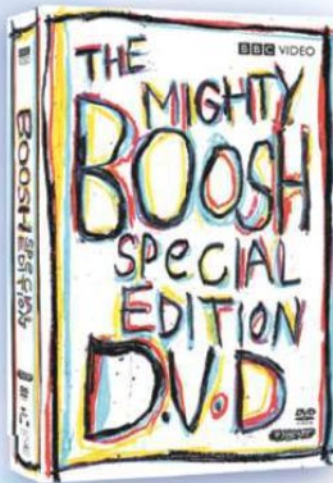
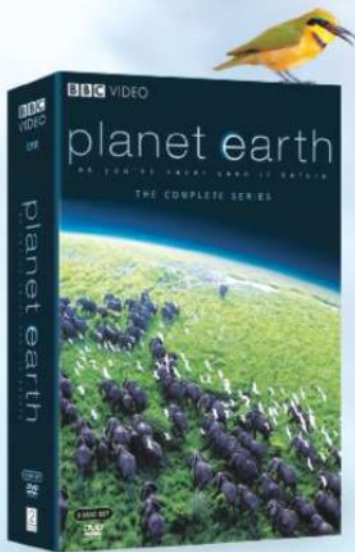


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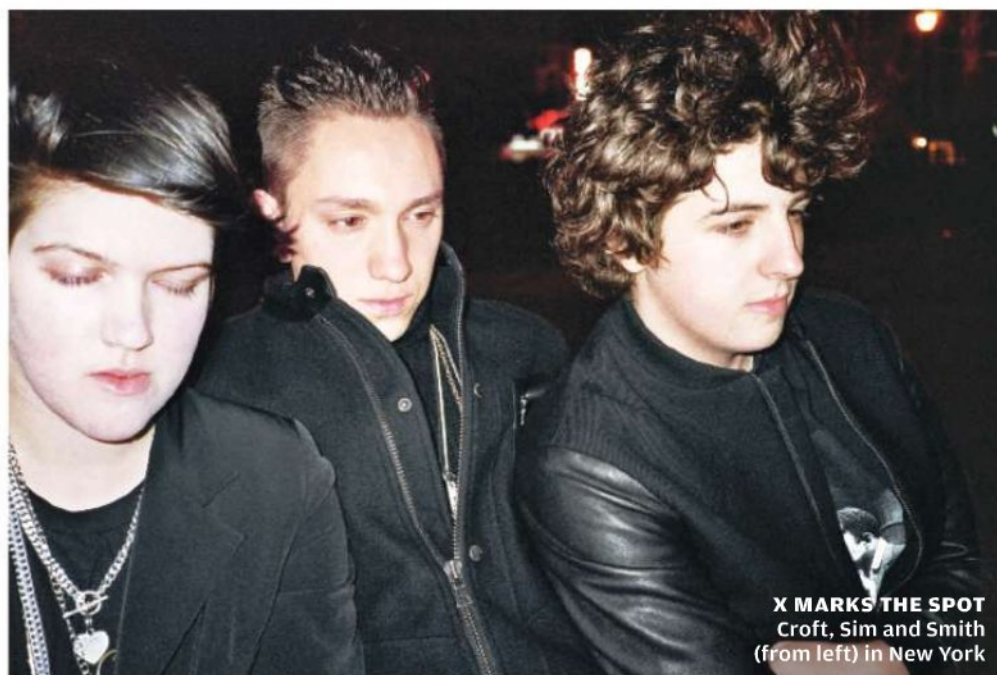
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X MARKS THE SPOT
Croft, Sim and Smith
(from left) in New York

Pasty, Sexy, Cool: Meet the XX, London's Hottest Band

Boy-girl trio overcome shyness, craft make-out jams for indie rockers

By Melissa Maerz

ON THE OPENING NIGHT of their European tour, the xx got their first sign that they'd graduated from Internet-famous to just-plain-famous. Fronted by a pair of 20-year-olds, Britain's coolest new band – whose unique sound blends sultry boy-girl indie pop with austere, icy post-punk and dub grooves – had already popped up on the U.K. music show *Later With Jools Holland*. But playing at Paris' Point Ephémère, singer-bassist Oliver Sim was still surprised by what he saw in the back of the room. "There was this figure sitting on a chair with no one else around him," he remembers. "I kept staring and thinking, 'Is that... that can't be?'" It was: Michael Stipe had dropped by to catch them play. "If you'd told me when I was 15 that this would be happening," Sim admits, "I might have had a panic attack."

With his greaser pompadour and ultra-shy demeanor, Sim seems a bit sensitive for the spotlight. Sitting backstage at New York's Bowery

Ballroom, Sim doodles nervously on a pizza box with a black marker while he recalls how the xx started out. He met singer-guitarist Romy Madley Croft, a soft-spoken rocker girl with a hip asymmetrical haircut, when they were only three years old. But while attend-

"We write before sleep, when your emotions are higher," says Croft.

ing high school they bonded over their mutual shyness. (The pair have never been more than friends.) "We couldn't even get up in front of a class to do a presentation!" says Croft, whose hair keeps hiding her eyes.

So instead of performing, Sim studied harmonies on his sister's Aaliyah records, Croft taught herself to play songs by Hole and the Distillers in her bedroom, and both sang under their duvet covers at night until they worked up the courage to do it in front of each other. "It was like, 'You first,' 'No, you first,'" Croft remembers. "So we sang at the same time." After forming a jokey cover band – they played tunes by Wham!,

Pixies and others – the pair started writing tunes together, composing the lyrics back and forth via e-mail. "We do it right before sleep, when your emotions are higher," says Croft. "The Internet is easier – you can hide behind the computer."

On their debut, Sim and Croft's hushed voices come together with a me-and-you-against-the-world closeness – it's booty-call music for the indie-rock set. The minimalist production matches pitter-patter beats with echoing "Wicked Game"-style guitars, and it renders the longing in their voices even more stark. "I think I'm losing where you end and I begin," Croft sings, and the vocals echo that ambiguity.

Despite the rock hipsterati at their packed shows – Courtney Love and Spoon's Britt Daniel attended recent gigs – onstage, Croft and Sim still act like they're up there alone. As small head gestures and shy looks dart between them, their music sounds like a private language. "They learned how to talk together at three years old," says Jamie Smith, who produced the album and plays synths and drum machines onstage. "Now they're learning how to sing together."

WHAT'S UP WITH...

Orianthi

Guitarist from Michael Jackson's 'This Is It' releases U.S. debut

WHO The leather-jacket-clad blonde shredding beside Michael Jackson in *This Is It* is the Australian guitarist and singer Orianthi Panagaris. She started getting buzz when footage from rehearsals leaked following Jackson's death in June. "They kept playing the clip on CNN!" says the 24-year-old, who released her U.S. major-label debut, *Believe*, in October. Fueled by Orianthi's appearance in the film, the first single, "According to You" – a Kelly Clarkson-style pop rocker – is scoring big radio airplay. "It's empowering," says Orianthi of the tune, about a girl who ditches her unappreciative guy. "Hopefully it'll connect with girls – and inspire them to pick up guitars."

BACK STORY Orianthi – who relocated to L.A. in 2006 – started playing acoustic guitar at age six. She went electric at 11 years old, after catching a Santana concert. "I was the only kid reading guitar magazines at the back of the classroom," she says. She honed her craft mimicking Jimi Hendrix and B.B. King CDs, and got a gig opening for guitarist Steve Vai in Australia in 2000. And when Carlos Santana came back to Adelaide in 2003, Orianthi got to jam with her hero – in front of thousands of people. "I thought he was just going to sign my guitar, but he asked me onstage," she recalls. "I soloed on 'The Game of Love.' I was so nervous that I couldn't feel my legs."

WHAT'S NEXT Orianthi will kick off her U.S. solo tour in early 2010. **NICOLE FREHSE**



Orianthi and Jackson

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The Foo Fighters leader on his "booty-quaking" new supergroup
By Austin Scaggs

SOON AFTER RECRUITING Led Zeppelin bassist John Paul Jones to play on the Foo Fighters' 2005 album *In Your Honor*, Foos frontman Dave Grohl was already dreaming about playing with Jones again. "I never imagined it would actually happen," says the drummer of his new supergroup with Jones and Queens of the Stone Age frontman Josh Homme. "I was just sort of kidding. I threw the idea together off the top of my head." Now the band is a reality: Them Crooked Vultures' debut album, which Grohl calls "booty-quaking," summons the spirit of Zeppelin, with Jones' serpentine bass lines, Grohl's thunderous drumming and Homme's monster guitar riffs. At the same time, the Foo Fighters, after 15 years together, just unveiled a best-of collection, featuring hits and two new cuts: the Tom Petty-inspired "Wheels" and a fresh acoustic take of "Everlong." We caught up with Grohl at his home in L.A. "I'm having a wonderful daddy day," reports Grohl, who has two daughters. "Violet is about to start kindergarten, so I've been touring schools on my day off from being a rock & roll legend."

When did John Paul Jones finally agree to join your group?

It became a reality earlier this year. The three of us got together at my birthday party [Grohl turned 40 in January] and set up at Josh's studio. There was this nervous tension as we were setting up, like we were on a blind date or something. But I knew it would work: [Jones] is a badass cool motherfucker who has worked with Diamanda Galás and the



DOUBLE LIFE Grohl splits his time between Them Crooked Vultures and the Foo Fighters.

Dave Grohl

"Playing in Them Crooked Vultures is like being in an incredible luxury car on the autobahn. It's a thrill."

Butthole Surfers. Because of our history and heritage, it only made sense that we'd play well together.

What was that session like?
As we were jamming, I thought, "Wow, man, I'm killing it! I'm solid as a rock!" And then I realized: John's stuck on me like glue right now. It's like he can adhere to your feel in a fucking heartbeat. John makes you sound fucking awesome. And Josh is great at leading you away from your comfort zone. After a few days of that, we looked at each other and said, "OK, should we be in a band?"

What's the main difference between playing with the Foos and the Vultures?
There are so many. Playing with the Foos is more than a band, it's a connection: We're all best friends for life. With no rehears-

als and jet-lagged as fuck, we stepped into a Berlin club in November and played for three hours with no set list, rattling off songs as long as we could – it was one of the best shows we ever played. The Vultures are like being in the most incredible luxury car, driving on the autobahn, flying by the seat of my pants. It's a thrill.

It must be pretty serious to stretch out with John.
When JPJ passes you the jam ball, you'd better not fucking fumble. And there are times when John will lean in and hit me with some shit I just don't understand. In rehearsals he'd throw me some crazy African rhythm where I'd have to stop and say, "John, I have no idea what you're doing. Sorry, bro."

What are the most challenging songs for you onstage?

"Spinning in Daffodils," "Gunman" and "New Fang" – I never know what's going to happen. We usually end gigs with "Warsaw," because the last five minutes are a total free-for-all. By the final 30 seconds, I'm at the absolute peak of what I can do, and I'm staring at Josh, praying, "Can I please signal the end now before I fucking faint like a marathon runner?"

You have John Bonham's Zeppelin "IV" symbol tattooed in three places. Any cool stories behind them?

I paid for the one on my wrist with the first check I got from being in Nirvana. It was for \$400. Kurt [Cobain] and I were living together in Olympia [Washington]. The place was so depressing. There were dead turtles everywhere, and I'd sleep on the couch and wake up with cigarette butts and corn-dog sticks stuck to my face. I took the \$400 and bought a Nintendo, a BB gun – mind you, I was 21, not 12 – and got that tattoo. One of my fondest memories of living in that rat-shit-hole was buying a dozen eggs at the A&P, bringing them to the backyard, and me and Kurt and Buzz from the Melvins would shoot at the eggs. Those were the days.

You opened for Dylan in 2006. Did you guys hang out much?

Backstage in Canada, he said to me, "I like the song that goes, 'You've got to promise not to stop when I say "when"' ["Everlong"]. He said, "Man, that's a great song. I should start doing it." Then I blacked out for 15 minutes. I'd never seen him play before, and the first night I got choked up and started crying a little bit. It was like witnessing something as important as man walking on the moon or delivering the Gettysburg Address.

In August, your hometown of Warren, Ohio, named an alley after you. What's Dave Grohl Alley like?

It's behind the McDonald's, with all the dumpsters. And there are murals of my face and instruments. They organized a dedication – I was on vacation with my family, but I thought, "Fuck that, I'm going." I jammed with a band, got drunk and got the key to the city. It was fucking awesome! Does Dylan have an alleyway named after him? I think not!

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Norah Jones' Autumn in New York

The singer opens up about her apartment, her boyfriend, her dog – and her excellent new album

By Austin Scaggs

NORAH JONES HAS ONE request: “Please don’t make me sound like a crazy dog lady,” she says, sipping a watermelon martini in a bar near her East Village apartment. Which isn’t surprising, considering the degree to which dogs figure in her life right now. There’s the brown poodle puppy she adopted and named Ralph. Then there’s the St. Bernard on the cover of her new album, *The Fall*, which closes with a dog-themed song called “Man of the Hour.” (Key lyric: “You never lie/And you don’t cheat/You don’t have any baggage tied/To your four feet.”) The tune ends with a cheerful “woof.” “I just felt like my dog-ological clock was ticking,” Jones, 30, says. “I know a lot of girls my age who have gone through a similar thing recently, just really wanting a pet to take care of. It’s probably something to do with wanting babies someday. I think I bought myself a few years.”

Ralph came into Jones’ life at a time when a lot was changing. Two years ago, she broke up with her longtime boyfriend, bassist Lee Alexander. The two had dated and performed together since the beginning of Jones’ career, in 2000, creating her first three albums – 2002’s *Come Away With Me*, 2004’s *Feels Like Home* and 2007’s *Not Too Late*, which have sold a staggering 36 million copies worldwide.

The breakup rocked every part of her world. After years of living in homes in Brooklyn, Jones bought a massive loft in Manhattan’s East Village. She also began writing songs – but had no idea how to go about finding a band to record them. “Once I had a batch of songs that I was proud of, I thought, ‘I like these, I should demo them up,’” she says. “But the band I was touring with for seven years” – which included Alexander – “we’d come to this



LIGHT AS A FEATHER Jones says the open, sparse tunes on her album are “different than anything I’ve done.”

crossroads.” Primarily because of her adoration of Tom Waits’ 1999 classic, *Mule Variations*, she connected with engineer-producer Jacquire King, who also worked with Modest Mouse and Kings of Leon. Says Jones, “That’s when everything fell into place.”

“I just felt like my dog-ological clock was ticking,” Jones says of her new pet.

The tracks Jones and King recorded – open, sparse sound collages – “have a different sonic landscape than anything I’ve done in the past,” Jones says. On “Back to Manhattan,” which Jones describes as “a highly emotional song for me,” she sings, “I have a prince who is waiting and a kingdom downtown/I’ll go back to Manhattan as if nothing ever happened.” King brought studio stars, including drummers

Joey Waronker and James Gadson and guitarists Smokey Hormel and Marc Ribot, to sessions in Los Angeles and in Jones’ apartment. The disc also features songwriting collaborations with Ryan Adams (on the gorgeous, smoldering torch song “Light as a Feather”), Okkervil River’s Will Sheff (“Stuck”) and Jones’ old friend Jesse Harris (“Even Though”). “Jacquire and I were afraid that the songs were too all over the place,” she says. “But I figured, ‘Hey, I’ll be the thread. It’s my record, after all.’”

Two martinis in, Jones – who’s fond of words like “dude” and “bro,” and doling out fist-bumps – is incredibly pleasant to be around. “Everyone says that,” Jones agrees. “I say, ‘Are other [famous] people that fucked up?’” She avoids fancy restaurants, preferring to cook herself – her goal is to replicate the fried chicken she loves from the Memphis joint Gus’s. Over the years she’s been befriended by her hero Willie Nelson

and sung on albums by the Foo Fighters, Q-Tip and comedian Andy Samberg’s project, *Incredibad*. Even Keith Richards is her buddy, after they duetted in 2005 on “Love Hurts.” “He had his arm around me the whole time,” Jones remembers. “My mom was like, ‘What was that?’ I mean, I might have looked terrified, but I loved every second of it.”

Jones doesn’t exactly write fast – “A song happens every few weeks or a month,” she says – but that doesn’t mean she isn’t always making music. In the past few years, Jones has created three casual side projects: the Little Willies, a country-flavored outfit featuring Alexander; her pop outfit, El Madmo, in which she wears a wig during secret shows; and an all-girl trio, Puss in Boots, who cover songs like Johnny Cash’s “Bull Rider.” “Depending on how many drinks I have, it’s like taking on a whole different personality,” she says. “If I get [Cont. on 35]

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Elvis Costello Jams With Bruce, Chats With Bono

On his second and final season of the talk show 'Spectacle'

By David Browne

I WASN'T LOOKING FOR A CAREER IN TV," says Elvis Costello. "It's something I did as a side project from my real career." That explains why Costello says the second season of the music and talk show *Spectacle* will also be his last. Still, the new season – which kicks off December 9th with an episode featur-

CHECKING IN

ing Bono and the Edge – has plenty of cool pairings, including a show matching Costello with Levon Helm, Allen Toussaint and Nick Lowe. Costello begins each broadcast by covering cuts from his guests' back catalogs, and ends with a jam session. On the U2 episode, they wrapped with a mash-up of U2's "Get on Your Boots" and Costello's "Pump It Up." "Some people thought 'Get on Your Boots' was derivative of my song, but that's ludicrous," he says. "Still, that was the point of doing it."

A four-hour taping with Bruce Springsteen yielded far too many songs for the show, including a medley of "Radio Nowhere" and "Radio, Radio," and an "Oh Pretty Woman" duet. When Costello asked what inspired *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, he got a surprising answer. "He mentioned the Buzzcocks, the Clash and my



Springsteen and Costello

music," says Costello. "He also said there was a singer who said that *Born to Run* was too romantic. I said, 'Who the hell said that?' And he said, 'You!'"

Though his TV career is over for now, the ultraprolific singer says he has no plans for a new record: "Albums don't have the same significance they did 10 years ago. You can't even find a record shop. My last album was in a coffee shop [laughs]. If I make any more records, I may only sell them in truck stops."

NORAH JONES

[Cont. from 32] too self-conscious, I feel like, 'Oh, my God, I'm in a wig, wearing platform shoes and holding a guitar.' If I get into the zone, though, it's a blast."

Jones was born in Manhattan in 1979. She spent her first four years living with her mother in an apartment on Lexington Avenue and 24th Street, before they moved to the Dallas suburb of Grapevine to be closer to her mom's family in Oklahoma. "We'd come back to New York and see my dad here sometimes," she says, referring to her father, sitar master Ravi Shankar, "and I remember coming again when I was 14, and I was completely, totally in love with it." Though she always sang – soloing in her church choir – and was a huge fan of her mother's country LPs and jazz records, she says, "I didn't even know that I wanted to be a musician at that point, but I could picture my adulthood in New York."

Jones dreamed of one day living in a loft like the one Tom Hanks rented in *Big*. "And now I have it!" she says. Her sun-soaked East Village space might not be equipped

with a bunk bed and arcade games, but it's a total dream pad for a bachelorette musician, with its old Victrola, a massive kitchen where she has spent hours perfecting pasta and fried-chicken recipes, and a soundproof home studio – where, under an old playbill advertising a performance by the Band, sits a grand piano. She can't stand the neighborhood's constant construction – which sometimes drives her out of her bedroom and onto an Aerobed she inflates under that grand piano – so she recently bought a new \$5 million brownstone back in Brooklyn.

Without offering many details, she confides that she's seeing a new man – a fiction writer: "It's the first time I've ever dated a nonmusician." And generally, she's delighted by all the new people in her life. "It was great to get out of my circle," says Jones. "Me and Jacquire worked well together, and I made a lot of margaritas. It was fun recording at home and having some funny late nights. It was fun not recording there also, because then I wouldn't have to clean the kitchen the next morning."



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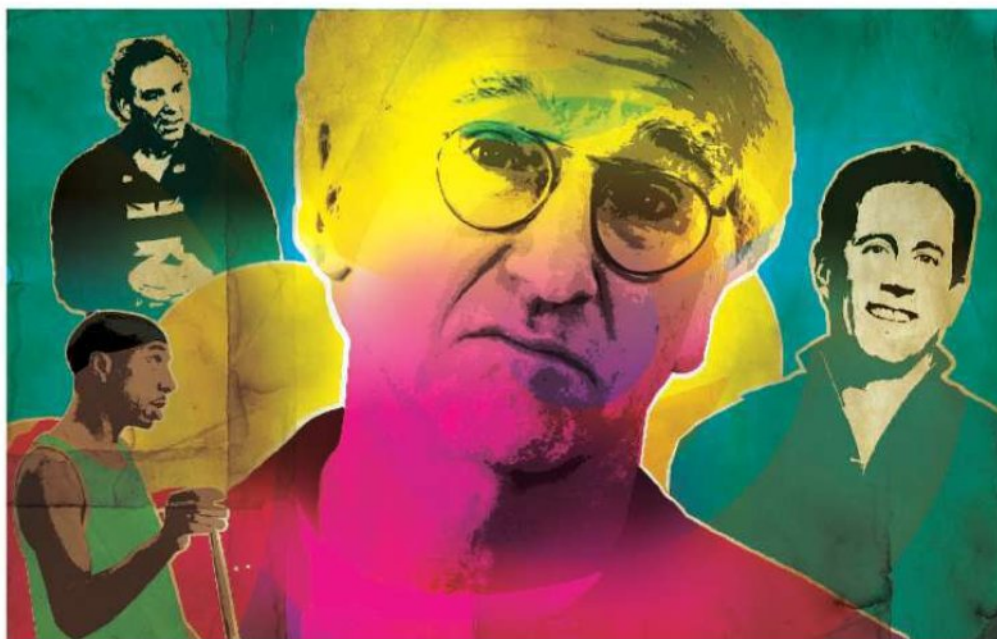
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The Genius of 'Curb'

By hitting new personal lows, Larry David has elevated HBO's 'Curb Your Enthusiasm' into one of TV's greatest comedies **By Rob Sheffield**

THIS SEASON OF "CURB Your Enthusiasm" will go down in history. It's the best string of episodes this show has ever had, cranking Larry David's twisted charisma all the way to full-body cringe. Whether he's going down on women in wheelchairs, nagging a man to death on the golf course or worrying about "secondhand semen," he's hit new heights of socially unacceptable. My favorite moment this season? When he gets stuck on a plane next to a man in shorts. "I'm comfortable in pajamas, but I don't wear pajamas on a plane," he snarls. "I like to sing. I like to whistle. I like to play the bongos on my leg. I like to imitate horses, but I don't do it, *okaaay?* Because there's somebody sitting next to me!" This etiquette tip comes from a guy who beats a swan to death.

And to top it all off, he stages a *Seinfeld* reunion as a cheap gambit to win back his ex-wife, which is sort of like if the Beatles got back together so Ringo could use Paul's shampoo. Sometimes his rage at the world is totally justified (it really *is* obnoxious to wear shorts on a plane), and sometimes it isn't (where to start?).

But either way, he gets darker, funnier and more intense all the time, and this season was the master at his peak.

His ex-wife, Cheryl, used to say, "There's another side to Larry that you don't see" – until she realizes, "There's no other side." But that ends up being why we like him. He's selfish, lazy, callous, but not malicious. He doesn't have a hidden agenda. He doesn't set out to make anyone miserable – that would be too much work. He's committed to comfort at all costs, which guarantees him constant agitation. He's strangely protective of his friends, even if it's out of his craven fear of having to go out and make new ones. Writing his own real-life divorce into the show last season was hardcore enough, but now, without Cheryl as his buffer, Larry is constantly sinking to new lows. So we're forced to identify with him a little more. That's why this season was so polarizing – he's never been more likable, and that's just plain disturbing.

When *Seinfeld* ruled the airwaves, it was David who set the basic rules: "No hugging, no learning." But *Curb* makes *Seinfeld* look like sit-

com comfort food. Like *Annie Hall* in reverse, Larry went to L.A., the land of sunshine and palm trees and mashed yeast, in order to reveal his most misanthropic, angriest side. The *Seinfeld* reunion is the joke this show has been building up to from the start. It's surreal seeing Larry schmooze with Jerry, George, Elaine and Kramer, as they complain about how "pathetic" reunions are. It's

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It started off as a one-joke goof, as a smackdown of the sneer gods: new-jack Joel McHale vs. Chevy Chase, the old king. But it keeps getting better, and Chevy proves he can still fall funnier than anyone.

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funny to watch them all lounging in Larry's office, looking at themselves in leather on their 1993 *ROLLING STONE* cover framed in a huge poster on the wall, prominently featured throughout the episode. [Editor's note: Hey, Larry, thanks for the shout-out! Here's some payback. Tell all your friends how it works.]

From the start, it's always a kick to see Larry reclaim his character from Jason Alexander. Every time Larry and George go face to face, forehead to forehead, it's like a clash of the schlemiel titans. George, like all the *Seinfeld* gang, had no inner life, no heart to break – but Larry has soul, whether he likes it or not. And *Curb* didn't flinch from the touchiest topic – Michael Richards' onstage racist tirade in 2006. When *Curb* sets up Richards for his big moment of humiliation – "If only there were a horrible name that I could call you!" Richards shouts – it figures that the agent of vengeance is Leon, the only character who doesn't get off on humiliating his friends, because he's got better things to do.

At first, David was not comfortable in front of the camera, and made his twitching part of his shtick, like the way Rodney Dangerfield used to sweat and tug his tie. But he learned on the job, and developed into an excellent performer who sold us all on a fantasy – the idea that our most annoying qualities could be the basis for lasting emotional relationships. His characters turn their pettiest, least interesting grievances into ways to connect with the world. That's why *Curb*, even more than *Seinfeld*, has a strange emotional warmth to it. These are bitter, broken people, but at least they keep each other company.

There are always moments of tenderness in Larry's interactions with Leon, Jeff, Funkhouser, even Susie – they're involved with one another's day-to-day horrors. Nobody went through anything heavy on *Seinfeld* – that was the appeal. But these people are owners, not renters. They have marriages, not first dates. They're stuck with their miseries. It's *No Exit* with palm trees. **E**

"CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM" PHOTOGRAPHS FOR ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF DOUG HYUN/HBO

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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION:

Elderly patients with dementia-related psychosis (eg, an inability to perform daily activities due to increased memory loss) taking ABILIFY have an increased risk of death or stroke. ABILIFY is not approved for treating these patients.

Antidepressants can increase suicidal thoughts and behaviors in children, teens, and young adults. Serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. When taking ABILIFY call your doctor right away if you have new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Patients and their caregivers should be especially observant within the first few months of treatment or after a change in dose. Approved only for adults 18 and over with depression.

- Alert your doctor if you develop very high fever, rigid muscles, shaking, confusion, sweating, or increased heart rate and blood pressure, as these may be signs of a rare but potentially fatal condition called neuroleptic malignant syndrome (NMS)
- If you develop abnormal or uncontrollable facial movements, notify your doctor, as these may be signs of tardive dyskinesia (TD), which could become permanent
- If you have diabetes or have risk factors or symptoms of diabetes, your blood sugar should be monitored. High blood sugar has been reported with ABILIFY and medicines like it. In some cases, extreme high blood sugar can lead to coma or death
- Other risks may include lightheadedness upon standing, decreases in white blood cells (which can be serious), seizures, trouble swallowing, or impairment in judgment or motor skills. Until you know how ABILIFY affects you, you should not drive or operate machinery

The common side effects in adults in clinical trials ($\geq 10\%$) include nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety, and insomnia. Tell your doctor about all the medicines you're taking, since there are some risks for drug interactions. You should avoid alcohol while taking ABILIFY.

You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch, or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

Please read the Important Information about ABILIFY on the adjacent page.



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IMPORTANT INFORMATION ABOUT ABILIFY

This summary of the Package Insert contains risk and safety information for patients about ABILIFY. This summary does not include all information about ABILIFY and is not meant to take the place of discussions with your healthcare professional about your treatment. Please read this important information carefully before you start taking ABILIFY and discuss any questions about ABILIFY with your healthcare professional.

Name

ABILIFY® (a-BIL-i-fi) (aripiprazole) (air-ri-PIP-ra-zoll)

What is ABILIFY?

ABILIFY (aripiprazole) is a prescription medicine used as an add-on treatment to antidepressants for Major Depressive Disorder in adults.

What is depression?

Depression is a common but serious medical condition. Symptoms may include sadness, loss of interest in activities you once enjoyed, loss of energy, difficulty concentrating or making decisions, feelings of worthlessness or excessive guilt, insomnia or excessive sleep, a change in appetite causing weight loss or gain, or thoughts of death or suicide. These could be depression symptoms if they interfere with daily life at home, at work, or with friends and last most of the day, nearly every day for at least 2 weeks.

What is the most important information that I should know about antidepressant medicines, depression, and other serious mental illnesses?

- Antidepressant medicines may increase suicidal thoughts or actions in some children, teenagers, and young adults
- Depression and serious mental illnesses are the most important causes of suicidal thoughts and actions

For more information, see the Prescribing Information and the Medication Guide called *Antidepressant Medicines, Depression and Other Serious Mental Illnesses, and Suicidal Thoughts or Actions*.

Who should NOT take ABILIFY?

People who are allergic to ABILIFY or to any substance that is in it. Allergic reactions have ranged from rash, hives and itching to difficulty breathing and swelling of the face, lips, or tongue. Please talk with your healthcare professional.

What is the most important information that I should know about ABILIFY?

Elderly patients, diagnosed with psychosis as a result of dementia (for example, an inability to perform daily activities as a result of increased memory loss), and who are treated with antipsychotic medicines including ABILIFY, are at an increased risk of death when compared to patients who are treated with a placebo (sugar pill). ABILIFY is not approved for the treatment of patients with dementia-related psychosis.

Antidepressants may increase suicidal thoughts or behaviors in some children, teenagers, and young adults, especially within the first few months of treatment or when the dose is changed. Depression and other serious mental illnesses are themselves associated with an increase in the risk of suicide. Patients on antidepressants and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior, or thoughts of suicide. Such symptoms should be reported to the patient's healthcare professional right away, especially if they are severe or occur suddenly. ABILIFY is not approved for use in pediatric patients with depression.

Serious side effects can occur with any antipsychotic medicine, including ABILIFY. Tell your healthcare professional right away if you have any conditions or side effects, including the following:

Stroke or ministroke in elderly patients with dementia: An increased risk of stroke and ministroke has been reported in clinical studies of elderly

patients with dementia (for example, increased memory loss and inability to perform daily activities). ABILIFY (aripiprazole) is not approved for treating patients with dementia.

Neuroleptic malignant syndrome (NMS): Very high fever, rigid muscles, shaking, confusion, sweating, or increased heart rate and blood pressure may be signs of NMS, a rare but serious side effect that could be fatal.

Tardive dyskinesia (TD): Abnormal or uncontrollable movements of face, tongue, or other parts of body may be signs of a serious condition known as TD, which may be permanent.

High blood sugar and diabetes: Patients with diabetes and those having risk factors for diabetes (for example, obesity, family history of diabetes), as well as those with symptoms such as unexpected increases in thirst, urination, or hunger should have their blood sugar levels checked before and during treatment. Increases in blood sugar levels (hyperglycemia), in some cases serious and associated with coma or death, have been reported in patients taking ABILIFY, and medicines like it.

Orthostatic hypotension: Lightheadedness or faintness caused by a sudden change in heart rate and blood pressure when rising too quickly from a sitting or lying position (orthostatic hypotension) has been reported with ABILIFY.

Leukopenia, Neutropenia, and Agranulocytosis: Decreases in white blood cells (infection fighting cells) have been reported in some patients taking antipsychotic agents, including ABILIFY. Patients with a history of a significant decrease in white blood cell (WBC) count or who have experienced a low WBC due to drug therapy should have their blood tested and monitored during the first few months of therapy.

Suicidal thoughts: If you have suicidal thoughts, you should tell your healthcare professional right away.

Dysphagia: Medicines like ABILIFY have been associated with swallowing problems (dysphagia). If you had or have swallowing problems, you should tell your healthcare professional.

What should I talk to my healthcare provider about?

Patients and their families or caregivers should watch for new or worsening depression symptoms, unusual changes in behavior and thoughts of suicide, as well as for anxiety, agitation, panic attacks, difficulty sleeping, irritability, hostility, aggressiveness, impulsivity, restlessness, or extreme hyperactivity. Call your healthcare provider right away if you have thoughts of suicide or if any of these symptoms are severe or occur suddenly. Be especially observant within the first few months of antidepressant treatment or whenever there is a change in dose.

Tell your healthcare provider about any medical conditions you may have and all medicines that you are taking or plan to take, including prescription and over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, or herbal products.

Be sure to tell your healthcare provider:

- If you have suicidal thoughts
- If you have or have had a low white blood cell count (WBC)
- If you or anyone in your family have or had seizures
- If you or anyone in your family have or had high blood sugar or diabetes
- If you are pregnant, plan to become pregnant, or are breast-feeding

What should I avoid when taking ABILIFY?

- Avoid overheating and dehydration
- Avoid driving or operating hazardous machinery until you know how ABILIFY affects you
- Avoid drinking alcohol
- Avoid breast-feeding an infant

What are the possible side effects of ABILIFY (aripiprazole)?

Common side effects in adults include: nausea, vomiting, constipation, headache, dizziness, an inner sense of restlessness or need to move (akathisia), anxiety and insomnia. It is important to contact your healthcare professional if you experience prolonged, abnormal muscle spasm or contraction which may be signs of a condition called dystonia.

This is not a complete list of side effects. For full patient information, visit www.abilify.com. Talk to your healthcare professional if you have questions or develop any side effects.

What percentage of people stopped taking ABILIFY due to side effects?

In clinical trials, the percentage of adults who discontinued taking ABILIFY due to side effects was 6% and 2% for patients treated with sugar pill.

Can I safely take ABILIFY while I'm taking other medications?

ABILIFY can be taken with most drugs; however, taking ABILIFY with some medicines may require your healthcare professional to adjust the dosage of ABILIFY.

Some medicines* include:

- ketoconazole (NIZORAL®)
- quinidine (QUINIDEX®)
- fluoxetine (PROZAC®)
- paroxetine (PAXIL®)
- carbamazepine (TEGRETOL®)

It is important to tell your healthcare professional about all the medicines you're taking, just to be sure.

How should I take ABILIFY?

- Take ABILIFY exactly as directed by your healthcare professional
- ABILIFY is usually taken once a day and can be taken with or without food
- If you miss a dose, take it as soon as you remember. However, if it is time for your next dose, skip the missed dose and take only your regularly scheduled dose
- Talk to your healthcare professional before stopping ABILIFY or changing your dose

General advice about ABILIFY:

- ABILIFY should be kept out of the reach of children and pets
- Store ABILIFY Tablets and the Oral Solution at room temperature
- For patients who must limit their sugar intake, be aware that ABILIFY Oral Solution contains sugar
- For patients who cannot metabolize phenylalanine (those with phenylketonuria or PKU), ABILIFY DISCMELT® contains phenylalanine
- If you have additional questions, talk to your healthcare professional

Find out more about ABILIFY:

Additional information can be found at www.abilify.com

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Based on Full Prescribing Information as of 07/09 1239550A5.

Bristol-Myers Squibb Otsuka Otsuka Pharmaceutical, Inc.

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"If you're shocked that Britney lip-syncs, life may continue to be hard for you." —John Mayer

Random Notes



Captain Kirk Gets Creamed

Two weeks after they melted faces at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame concerts, Metallica returned to the Garden on the 389th leg of their *Death Magnetic* tour. After ending the set with "Seek & Destroy," Kirk Hammett - who turned 47 three days later - was sneak-attacked by roadies bearing shaving-cream pies. "It's not officially his birthday, but close enough," said James Hetfield, who during the ensuing "Happy Birthday" sing-along called his guitarist "Kirky." Awwww!



Hammett and Hetfield shredded before the birthday boy ate his pie.

Tickled Pink

Even Elton John thought Lady Gaga's pink butterfly-festooned piano (and Frank Gehry-designed hat) was too much, but the crowd at L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art ate it up and dug the debut of her new song "Speechless." "Art is life, life is art - the question is, 'What came first?'" Gaga said after the show. On the other coast, emo rappers 3OH!3 (below) cross-dressed in Gaga's bonkers VMA outfits on the red carpet at MTV's Woodie awards.



SILICONE VALLEY Looks like Amy Winehouse bought some new boobs! The hot mess displayed her prosthetic puppies on a night out in London.



WON'T GET BURNED AGAIN

Taking five from his current solo tour, Roger Daltrey got an SPF spritz from his man-bitch in Palm Beach, Florida.



Segel (with Levine) serenaded the coeds and gave out his digits.

New York Bro-Down

During a Maroon 5 show at St. John's University in Queens, frontman Adam Levine brought out actor Jason Segel. "The girls lost their shit," Levine reports. "He did a tune he wrote called 'Is It Wrong to Use My Celebrity Status to Make Love With a College Girl Tonight?'"



GABBA HEY! Xtina and her son Max met DJ Lance Rock and Plex, of the trippy Nick Jr. show *Yo Gabba Gabba!*, which is loved by both small children and LSD addicts.



KINGS OF NEW YORK Jay-Z and A-Rod kick it at a Knicks game.

Mr. November

Jay-Z lived extra-large in November. Hova's beloved Yankees purchased the World Series, and he topped the Hot 100 for the first time, with "Empire State of Mind." Always hustling, Jay also spat a rap on "Meiplé (Me I Play)," a cut by his amigo Robin Thicke. "Before he came to the studio, I made the room all sexy," says Thicke, whose disc *Sex Therapy* drops in December. "Champagne, sausage, grapes, strawberries - I wanted it fit for Caesar."



Thicke and Jay-Z in the studio (sausage not pictured)

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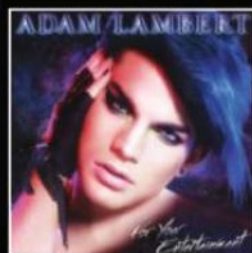


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Obama's Big Sellout

The president has packed his economic team with Wall Street insiders intent on turning the bailout into an all-out giveaway

★ By Matt Taibbi ★

BARACK OBAMA RAN FOR PRESIDENT as a man of the people, standing up to Wall Street as the global economy melted down in that fateful fall of 2008. He pushed a tax plan to soak the rich, ripped NAFTA for hurting the middle class and tore into John McCain for supporting a bankruptcy bill that sided with wealthy bankers "at the expense of hardworking Americans." Obama may not have run to the left of Samuel Gompers or Cesar Chavez, but it's not like you saw him on the campaign trail flanked by bankers from Citigroup and Goldman Sachs. What inspired supporters who pushed him to his historic win was the sense that a genuine outsider was finally breaking into an exclusive club, that walls were being torn down, that things were, for lack of a better or more specific term, changing.

Then he got elected.

What's taken place in the year since Obama won the presidency has turned out to be one of the most dramatic political about-faces in our history. Elected in the midst of a crushing economic crisis brought on by a decade of orgiastic deregulation and unchecked greed, Obama had a clear mandate to rein in Wall Street and remake the entire structure of the American economy. What he did instead was ship even his most marginally progressive campaign advisers off to various bureaucratic Siberias, while packing the key economic positions in his White House with the very people who caused the crisis in the first place. This new team of bubble-fattened ex-bankers and laissez-faire intellectuals then proceeded to sell us all out, instituting a massive, trickle-up bailout and system-

atically gutting regulatory reform from the inside.

How could Obama let this happen? Is he just a rookie in the political big leagues, hoodwinked by Beltway old-timers? Or is the vacillating, ineffectual servant of banking interests we've been seeing on TV this fall who Obama really is?

Whatever the president's real motives are, the extensive series of loophole-rich financial "reforms" that the Democrats are currently pushing may ultimately do more harm than good. In fact, some parts of the new reforms border on insanity, threatening to vastly amplify Wall Street's political power by institutionalizing the taxpayer's role as a welfare provider for the financial-services industry. At one point in the debate, Obama's top economic advisers demanded the power to award future bailouts without even going to Congress for

Wall Street loved the Citi bailout and the Geithner nomination so much that the Dow immediately posted its biggest two-day jump since 1987, rising 11.8 percent. Citi shares jumped 58 percent in a single day, and JP Morgan Chase, Merrill Lynch and Morgan Stanley soared more than 20 percent, as Wall Street embraced the news that the government's bailout generosity would not die with George W. Bush and Hank Paulson. "Geithner assures a smooth transition between the Bush administration and that of Obama, because he's

Left unnoticed, however, was the fact that Geithner had been hired by a sitting Citigroup executive who still had a big bonus coming despite his proximity to Obama. In January 2009, just over a month after the bailout, Citigroup paid Froman a year-end bonus of \$2.25 million. But as outrageous as it was, that payoff would prove to be chump change for the banker crowd, who were about to get everything they wanted – and more – from the new president.

As Treasury secretary under Clinton, Rubin was the driving force behind two monstrous deregulatory actions that would be primary causes of last year's financial crisis: the repeal of the Glass-Steagall Act (passed specifically to legalize the Citigroup megamerger) and the deregulation of the derivatives market. Having set that time bomb, Rubin left government to join Citi, which promptly expressed its

At Treasury, there is Geithner, who worked under Rubin in the Clinton years. Serving as Geithner's "counselor" – a made-up post not subject to Senate confirmation – is Lewis Alexander, the former chief economist of Citigroup, who advised Citi back in 2007 that the upcoming housing crash was nothing to worry about. Two other top Geithner "counselors" – Gene Sperling and

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ERIC ISSELÉE/ISTOCK PHOTO; NO CREDIT; LEILA NAVIDJ/"LAS VEGAS SUN"; DR. ROBERT RICKER/NOAA; CHIP SOMODEVILLA/GETTY IMAGES, DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; ISTOCK PHOTO; "ROLLING STONE"; STEVE DOUGLASS/DIGITAL BEACH MEDIA/SIPA PRESS; CHIP SOMODEVILLA/GETTY IMAGES; TECH. SGT. SCOTT T. STURKOL/U.S. AIR FORCE; KEVIN LAMARQUE/REUTERS/CORBIS



A Team of Rubins

Few on Wall Street are more responsible for the global financial meltdown than Robert Rubin. As Treasury secretary under Bill Clinton, Rubin helped usher in the era of "too big to fail" - then went on to steer Citigroup to the brink of collapse. Now President Obama has packed his economic team with Rubin disciples - top advisers who worked with Rubin

Ties to Rubin

-  Clinton Years
-  Wall Street
-  Think Tank

during the Clinton years, at Citigroup and Goldman Sachs, and at the Hamilton Project, a think tank Rubin spearheaded to promote his free-market philosophy. The result: an administration that continues to fight against real financial reform. "You can't expect these people to do anything other than protect Wall Street," says one congressman.

TIM DICKINSON

TREASURY

Geithner conferred with Rubin frequently as NY Fed chair; Alexander downplayed **threat of housing bubble** as chief economist at Citi under Rubin.



Tim Geithner
Secretary



Gene Sperling
Counselor



Lael Brainard
Counselor



Lewis Alexander
Counselor



WHITE HOUSE

Headed Rubin's Hamilton Project; insists government should employ **"market-friendly policies"** to help workers hurt by free market. Budget post elevated to Cabinet level under Obama.



Peter Orszag
Director, Budget Office



THE FED

Worked for Rubin at Treasury; later **lobbied for Enron**. Now pushing to grant Fed unfettered powers to bail out big banks.



Linda Robertson
Senior adviser



Obama conferring with Rubin in 2008

STATE

Lew was White House budget director during Rubin's reign at Treasury; followed Rubin to Citi, where he oversaw **losses of \$509 million** in first quarter of '08. Hormats, a Goldman Sachs alum, once touted Rubin as a "grand-slam home run" for Fed chief.



Jacob Lew
Deputy secretary



CFTC

Worked with Rubin at **Goldman Sachs** and Treasury; now oversees derivative deals as head of Commodity Futures Trading Commission.



Gary Gensler
Chairman



NATIONAL ECONOMIC COUNCIL



Larry Summers
Director



Jason Furman
Deputy director



Diana Farrell
Deputy director



Bob Hormats
Undersecretary of economics



No protégé of Rubin is more powerful than **Summers**, who has become **Obama's Cheney** - an influential and steadfast defender of big business. Argues against breaking up nation's megabanks, which he helped create through his **deregulatory zeal** as Treasury secretary under Clinton. Rubin helped engineer his appointment as president of Harvard; Summers once received \$135,000 from Goldman Sachs for a single speech.



Michael Froman
Deputy assistant to Obama



David Lipton
Special assistant to Obama



Froman and Lipton both worked for Rubin at Treasury and Citigroup; both now serve as dual members of the NEC and the **National Security Council**, giving them broad influence in the administration. Froman, Obama's law-school pal and a top fundraiser, helped pick the president's economic team while still employed by Citigroup. **"It was Mike who guided Obama to the Rubin franchise,"** says one insider.

Lael Brainard – worked under Rubin at the National Economic Council, the key group that coordinates all economic policymaking for the White House.

As director of the NEC, meanwhile, Obama installed economic czar Larry Summers, who had served as Rubin's protégé at Treasury. Just below Summers is Jason Furman, who worked for Rubin in the Clinton White House and was one of the first directors of Rubin's Hamilton Project. The appointment of Furman – a persistent advocate of free-trade agreements like NAFTA and the author of droolingly pro-globalization reports with titles like "Walmart: A Progressive Success Story" – provided one of the first clues that Obama had only been posturing when he promised crowds of struggling Midwesterners during the campaign that he would renegotiate NAFTA, which facilitated the flight of blue-collar jobs to other countries. "NAFTA's shortcomings were evident when signed, and we must now amend the agreement to fix them," Obama declared. A few months after hiring Furman to help shape its economic policy, however, the White House quietly quashed any talk of renegotiating the trade deal. "The president has said we will look at all of our options, but I think they can be addressed without having to reopen the agreement," U.S. Trade Representative Ronald Kirk told reporters in a little-publicized conference call last April.

The announcement was not so surprising, given who Obama hired to serve alongside Furman at the NEC: management consultant Diana Farrell, who worked under Rubin at Goldman Sachs. In 2003, Farrell was the author of an infamous paper in which she argued that sending American jobs overseas might be "as beneficial to the U.S. as to the destination country, probably more so."

Joining Summers, Furman and Farrell at the NEC is Froman, who by then had been formally appointed to a unique position: He is not only Obama's international finance adviser at the National Economic Council, he simultaneously serves as deputy national security adviser at the National Security Council. The twin posts give Froman a direct line to the president, putting him in a position to coordinate Obama's international economic policy during a crisis. He'll have help from David Lipton, another joint appointee to the economics and security councils who worked with Rubin at Treasury and Citigroup, and from Jacob Lew, a former Citi colleague of Rubin's whom Obama named as deputy director at the State Department to focus on international finance.

Over at the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, which is supposed to regulate derivatives trading, Obama appointed Gary Gensler, a former Goldman banker who worked under Rubin in the Clinton

White House. Gensler had been instrumental in helping to pass the infamous Commodity Futures Modernization Act of 2000, which prevented deregulation of derivative instruments like CDOs and credit-default swaps that played such a big role in cratering the economy last year. And as head of the powerful Office of Management and Budget, Obama named Peter Orszag, who served as the first director of Rubin's Hamilton Project. Orszag once succinctly summed up the project's ideology as a sort of liberal spin on trickle-down Reaganomics: "Market competition and globalization generate significant economic benefits."

Taken together, the rash of appointments with ties to Bob Rubin may well represent the most sweeping influence by a single Wall Street insider in the history of government. "Rather than having a team of rivals, they've got a team of Rubins," says Steven Clemons, director of the American Strategy Program at the New America Foundation. "You see that in policy choices that have resuscitated – but not reformed – Wall Street."

While Rubin's allies and acolytes got all the important jobs in the Obama administration, the academics and progressives got banished to semi-meaningless, even comical roles. Kornbluh was rewarded for being the chief policy architect of Obama's meteoric rise by being outfitted with a pith

Bernstein, holds the impressive-sounding title of chief economist and national policy adviser – except that the man he is advising is Joe Biden, who seems more interested in foreign policy than financial reform.

The significance of all of these appointments isn't that the Wall Street types are now in a position to provide direct favors to their former employers. It's that, with one or two exceptions, they collectively offer a microcosm of what the Democratic Party has come to stand for in the 21st century. Virtually all of the Rubinites brought in to manage the economy under Obama share the same fundamental political philosophy carefully articulated for years by the Hamilton Project: Expand the safety net to protect the poor, but let Wall Street do whatever it wants. "Bob Rubin, these guys, they're classic limousine liberals," says David Sirota, a former Democratic strategist. "These are basically people who have made shitloads of money in the speculative economy, but they want to call themselves good Democrats because they're willing to give a little more to the poor. That's the model for this Democratic Party: Let the rich do their thing, but give a fraction more to everyone else."

Even the members of Obama's economic team who have spent most of their lives in public office have managed to make small fortunes on Wall Street. The president's economic czar, Larry Summers,

While Obama gave Rubin's acolytes all the important jobs, progressives got banished to semi-meaningless, even comical roles.

helmet and booted across the ocean to Paris, where she now serves as America's never-again-to-be-seen-on-TV ambassador to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. Goolsbee, meanwhile, was appointed as staff director of the President's Economic Recovery Advisory Board, a kind of dumping ground for Wall Street critics who had assisted Obama during the campaign; one top Democrat calls the panel "Siberia."

Joining Goolsbee as chairman of the PERAB gulag is former Fed chief Paul Volcker, who back in March 2008 helped candidate Obama write a speech declaring that the deregulatory efforts of the Eighties and Nineties had "excused and even embraced an ethic of greed, corner-cutting, insider dealing, things that have always threatened the long-term stability of our economic system." That speech met with rapturous applause, but the commission Obama gave Volcker to manage is so toothless that it didn't even meet for the first time until last May. The lone progressive in the White House, economist Jared

was paid more than \$5.2 million in 2008 alone as a managing director of the hedge fund D.E. Shaw, and pocketed an additional \$2.7 million in speaking fees from a smorgasbord of future bailout recipients, including Goldman Sachs and Citigroup. At Treasury, Geithner's aide Gene Sperling earned a staggering \$887,727 from Goldman Sachs last year for performing the punch-line-worthy service of "advice on charitable giving." Sperling's fellow Treasury appointee, Mark Patterson, received \$637,492 as a full-time lobbyist for Goldman Sachs, and another top Geithner aide, Lee Sachs, made more than \$3 million working for a New York hedge fund called Mariner Investment Group. The list goes on and on. Even Obama's chief of staff, Rahm Emanuel, who has been out of government for only 30 months of his adult life, managed to collect \$18 million during his private-sector stint with a Wall Street firm called Wasserstein-Perella.

The point is that an economic team made up exclusively of callous millionaire-assholes has absolutely zero interest in

reforming the gamed system that made them rich in the first place. "You can't expect these people to do anything other than protect Wall Street," says Rep. Cliff Stearns, a Republican from Florida. That thinking was clear from Obama's first address to Congress, when he stressed the importance of getting Americans to borrow like crazy again. "Credit is the lifeblood of the economy," he declared, pledging "the full force of the federal government to ensure that the major banks that Americans depend on have enough confidence and enough money." A president elected on a platform of change was announcing, in so many words, that he planned to change nothing fundamental when it came to the economy. Rather than doing what FDR had done during the Great Depression and institute stringent new rules to curb financial abuses, Obama planned to institutionalize the policy, firmly established during the Bush years, of keeping a few megafirms rich at the expense of everyone else.

OBAMA HASN'T ALWAYS TOED the Rubin line when it comes to economic policy. Despite being surrounded by a team that is powerfully opposed to deficit spending – balanced budgets and deficit reduction have always been central to the Rubin way of thinking – Obama came out of the gate with a huge stimulus plan designed to kick-start the economy and address the job losses brought on by the 2008 crisis. "You have to give him credit there," says Sen. Bernie Sanders, an advocate of using government resources to address unemployment. "It's a very significant piece of legislation, and \$787 billion is a lot of money."

But whatever jobs the stimulus has created or preserved so far – 640,329, according to an absurdly precise and already debunked calculation by the White House – the aid that Obama has provided to real people has been dwarfed in size and scope by the taxpayer money that has been handed over to America's financial giants. "They spent \$75 billion on mortgage relief, but come on – look at how much they gave Wall Street," says a leading Democratic strategist. Neil Barofsky, the inspector general charged with overseeing TARP, estimates that the total cost of the Wall Street bailouts could eventually reach \$23.7 trillion. And while the government continues to dole out big money to big banks, Obama and his team of Rubinites have done almost nothing to reform the warped financial system responsible for imploding the global economy in the first place.

The push for reform seemed to get off to a promising start. In the House, the charge was led by Rep. Barney Frank, the outspoken chair of the House Financial Services Committee, who emerged during last year's Bush bailouts as a sharp-tongued critic of Wall Street. Back when Obama was still



EXILED TO SIBERIA
Wall Street critics Paul Volcker (left) and Austan Goolsbee (center) have been shunted aside since the campaign.

a senator, he and Frank even worked together to introduce a populist bill targeting executive compensation. Last spring, with the economy shattered, Frank began to hold hearings on a host of reforms, crafted with significant input from the White House, that initially contained some very good elements. There were measures to curb abusive credit-card lending, prevent banks from charging excessive fees, force publicly traded firms to conduct meaningful risk assessment and allow shareholders to vote on executive compensation. There were even measures to crack down on risky derivatives and to bar firms like AIG from picking their own regulators.

Then the committee went to work – and the loopholes started to appear.

The most notable of these came in the proposal to regulate derivatives like credit-default swaps. Even Gary Gensler, the former Goldmanite whom Obama put in charge of commodities regulation, was pushing to make these normally obscure investments more transparent, enabling regulators and investors to identify speculative bubbles sooner. But in August, a month after Gensler came out in favor of reform, Geithner slapped him down by issuing a 115-page paper called "Improvements to Regulation of Over-the-Counter Derivatives Markets" that called for a series of exemptions for "end users" – i.e., almost all of the clients who buy derivatives from banks like Goldman Sachs and Morgan Stanley. Even more stunning, Frank's bill included a blanket exception to the rules for currency swaps traded on foreign exchanges – the very instruments that had triggered the Long-Term Capital Management meltdown in the late 1990s.

Given that derivatives were at the heart of the financial meltdown last year, the decision to gut derivatives reform sent some legislators howling with disgust. Sen. Maria Cantwell of Washington, who esti-

mates that as much as 90 percent of all derivatives could remain unregulated under the new rules, went so far as to say the new laws would make things worse. "Current law with its loopholes might actually be better than these loopholes," she said.

An even bigger loophole could do far worse damage to the economy. Under the original bill, the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Commodity Futures Trading Commission were granted the power to ban any credit swaps deemed to be "detrimental to the stability of a financial market or of participants in a financial market." By the time Frank's committee was done with the bill, however, the SEC and the CFTC were left with no authority to do anything about abusive derivatives other than to send a report to Congress. The move, in effect, would leave the kind of credit-default swaps that brought down AIG largely unregulated.

Why would leading congressional Democrats, working closely with the Obama administration, agree to leave one of the riskiest of all financial instruments unregulated, even before the issue could be debated by the House? "There was concern that a broad grant to ban abusive swaps would be unsettling," Frank explained.

Unsettling to whom? Certainly not to you and me – but then again, actual people are not really part of the calculus when it comes to finance reform. According to those close to the markup process, Frank's committee inserted loopholes under pressure from "constituents" – by which they mean anyone "who can afford a lobbyist," says Michael Greenberger, the former head of trading at the CFTC under Clinton.

This pattern would repeat itself over and over again throughout the fall. Take the centerpiece of Obama's reform proposal: the much-ballyhooed creation of a Consumer Finance Protection Agency to protect the little guy from abusive bank

practices. Like the derivatives bill, the debate over the CFPA ended up being dominated by horse-trading for loopholes. In the end, Frank not only agreed to exempt some 8,000 of the nation's 8,200 banks from oversight by the castrated-in-advance agency, leaving most consumers unprotected, he allowed the committee to pass the exemption by voice vote, meaning that congressmen could side with the banks without actually attaching their name to their "Aye."

To win the support of conservative Democrats, Frank also backed down on another issue that seemed like a slam-dunk: a requirement that all banks offer so-called "plain vanilla" products, such as no-frills mortgages, to give consumers an alternative to deceptive, "fully loaded" deals like adjustable-rate loans. Frank's last-minute reversal – made in consultation with Geithner – was such a transparent giveaway to the banks that even an economics writer for Reuters, hardly a far-left source, called it "the beginning of the end of meaningful regulatory reform."

But the real kicker came when Frank's committee took up what is known as "resolution authority" – government-speak for "Who the hell is in charge the next time somebody at AIG or Lehman Brothers decides to vaporize the economy?" What the committee initially introduced bore a striking resemblance to a proposal written by Geithner earlier in the summer. A masterpiece of legislative chicanery, the measure would have given the White House permanent and unlimited authority to execute future bailouts of megaconglomerates like Citigroup and Bear Stearns.

Democrats pushed the move as politically uncontroversial, claiming that the bill will force Wall Street to pay for any future bailouts and "doesn't use taxpayer money." In reality, that was complete bullshit. The way the bill was written, the FDIC would basically borrow money from the Treasury – i.e., from ordinary taxpayers – to bail out any of the nation's two dozen or so largest financial companies that the president deems in need of government assistance. After the bailout is executed, the president would then levy a tax on financial firms with assets of more than \$10 billion to repay the Treasury within 60 months – unless, that is, the president decides he doesn't want to! "They can wait indefinitely to repay," says Rep. Brad Sherman of California, who dubbed the early version of the bill "TARP on steroids."

The new bailout authority also mandated that future bailouts would not include an exchange of equity "in any form" – meaning that taxpayers would get nothing in return for underwriting Wall Street's mistakes. Even more outrageous, it specifically prohibited Congress from rejecting tax giveaways to Wall Street, as it did last year, by removing all congressional

oversight of future bailouts. In fact, the resolution authority proposed by Frank was such a slurpingly obvious blow job of Wall Street that it provoked a revolt among his own committee members, with junior Democrats waging a spirited fight that restored congressional oversight to future bailouts, requires equity for taxpayer money and caps assistance to troubled firms at \$150 billion. Another amendment to force companies with more than \$50 billion in assets to pay into a rainy-day fund for bailouts passed by a resounding vote of 52 to 17 – with the "Nays" all coming from Frank and other senior Democrats loyal to the administration.

Even as amended, however, resolution authority still has the potential to be truly revolutionary legislation. The Senate version still grants the president unlimited power over equity-free bailouts, and the amended House bill still institutionalizes a system of taxpayer support for the 20 to 25 biggest banks in the country. It would essentially grant economic immortality to those top few megafirms, who will continually gobble up greater and greater slices of market share as money becomes cheaper and cheaper for them to borrow (after all, who wouldn't lend to a company permanently backstopped by the federal government?). It would also formalize the government's role in the global economy and turn the presidential-appointment

He's right – that is the question. Because the way it works is that all of these great-sounding reforms get whittled down bit by bit as they move through the committee markup process, until finally there's nothing left but the exceptions. In one example, a measure that would have forced financial companies to be more accountable to shareholders by holding elections for their entire boards every year has already been watered down to preserve the current system of staggered votes. In other cases, this being the Senate, loopholes were inserted before the debate even began: The Dodd bill included the exemption for foreign-currency swaps – a gift to Wall Street that only appeared in the Frank bill during the course of hearings – from the very outset.

The White House's refusal to push for real reform stands in stark contrast to what it *should* be doing. It was left to Rep. Pete Kanjorski in the House and Bernie Sanders in the Senate to propose bills to break up the so-called "too big to fail" banks. Both measures would give Congress the power to dismantle those pseudomonopolies controlling almost the entire derivatives market (Goldman, Citi, Chase, Morgan Stanley and Bank of America control 95 percent of the \$290 trillion over-the-counter market) and the consumer-lending market (Citi, Chase, Bank of America and Wells Fargo issue one of every two mortgages, and two of every three credit cards). On November

A masterpiece of legislative chicanery, the bill would have given the White House unlimited authority over future bailouts.

process into an important part of every big firm's business strategy. "If this passes, the very first thing these companies are going to do in the future is ask themselves, 'How do we make sure that one of our executives becomes assistant Treasury secretary?'" says Sherman.

On the Senate side, finance reform has yet to make it through the markup process, but there's every reason to believe that its final bill will be as watered down as the House version by the time it comes to a vote. The original measure, drafted by chairman Christopher Dodd of the Senate Banking Committee, is surprisingly tough on Wall Street – a fact that almost everyone in town chalks up to Dodd's desperation to shake the bad publicity he incurred by accepting a sweetheart mortgage from the notorious lender Countrywide. "He's got to do the shake-his-fist-at-Wall Street thing because of his, you know, problems," says a Democratic Senate aide. "So that's why the bill is starting out kind of tough."

The aide pauses. "The question is, though, what will it end up looking like?"

18th, in a move that demonstrates just how nervous Democrats are getting about the growing outrage over taxpayer giveaways, Barney Frank's committee actually passed Kanjorski's measure. "It's a beginning," Kanjorski says hopefully. "We're on our way." But even if the Senate follows suit, big banks could well survive – depending on whom the president appoints to sit on the new regulatory board mandated by the measure. An oversight body filled with executives of the type Obama has favored to date from Citi and Goldman Sachs hardly seems like a strong bet to start taking an ax to concentrated wealth. And given the new bailout provisions that provide these megafirms a market advantage over smaller banks (those Paul Volcker calls "too small to save"), the failure to break them up qualifies as a major policy decision with potentially disastrous consequences.

"They should be doing what Teddy Roosevelt did," says Sanders. "They should be busting the trusts."

That probably won't happen anytime soon. But at a minimum, Obama should

start on the road back to sanity by making a long-overdue move: firing Geithner. Not only are the mop-headed weenie of a Treasury secretary's fingerprints on virtually all the gross giveaways in the new reform legislation, he's a living symbol of the Rubinite gangrene crawling up the leg of this administration. Putting Geithner against the wall and replacing him with an actual human being not recently employed by a Wall Street megabank would do a lot to prove that Obama was listening this past Election Day. And while there are some who think Geithner is about to go – "he almost has to," says one Democratic strategist – at the moment, the president is still letting Wall Street do his talking.

MORNING, THE NATIONAL Mall, November 5th. A year to the day after Obama named Michael Froman to his transition team, his political "opposition" has descended upon the city. Republican teabaggers from all 50 states have showed up, a vast horde of frowning, pissed-off middle-aged white people with their idiot placards in hand, ready to do cultural battle. They are here to protest Obama's "socialist" health care bill – you know, the one that even a bloodsucking capitalist interest group like Big Pharma spent \$150 million to get passed.

These teabaggers don't know that, however. All they know is that a big government program might end up using tax dollars to pay the medical bills of rapidly breeding Dominican immigrants. So they hate it. They're also in a groove, knowing that at the polls a few days earlier, people



BAILOUT BUDDIES
Much of Rep. Frank's bill was crafted by Treasury Secretary Geithner.

"Do you care at all about economic regulation?" I ask. "There was sort of a big economic collapse last year. Do you have any ideas about how that whole deal should be fixed?"

"We got to slow down on spending," she says. "We can't afford it."

"But what do we do about the rules governing Wall Street..."

She walks away. She doesn't give a fuck. People like Pat aren't aware of it, but they're the best friends Obama has. They hate him, sure, but they don't hate him for any reasons that make sense. When it comes down to it, most of them hate the president for all the usual reasons they

Obama was making a pit stop to raise money from Wall Street. On October 20th, the president went to the Mandarin Oriental Hotel in New York and addressed some 200 financiers and business moguls, each of whom paid the maximum allowable contribution of \$30,400 to the Democratic Party. But an organizer of the event, Daniel Fass, announced in advance that support for the president might be lighter than expected – bailed-out firms like JP Morgan Chase and Goldman Sachs were expected to contribute a meager \$91,000 to the event – because bankers were tired of being lectured about their misdeeds.

"The investment community feels very put-upon," Fass explained. "They feel there is no reason why they shouldn't earn \$1 million to \$200 million a year, and they don't want to be held responsible for the global financial meltdown."

Which makes sense. Shit, who could blame the *investment community* for the meltdown? What kind of assholes are we to put any of this on them?

This is the kind of person who is working for the Obama administration, which makes it unsurprising that we're getting no real reform of the finance industry. There's no other way to say it: Barack Obama, a once-in-a-generation political talent whose graceful conquest of America's racial dragons en route to the White House inspired the entire world, has for some reason allowed his presidency to be hijacked by sniveling, low-rent shitheads. Instead of reining in Wall Street, Obama has allowed himself to be seduced by it, leaving even his erstwhile campaign adviser, ex-Fed chief Paul Volcker, concerned about a "moral hazard" creeping over his administration.

"The obvious danger is that with the passage of time, risk-taking will be encouraged and efforts at prudential restraint will be resisted," Volcker told Congress in September, expressing concerns about all the regulatory loopholes in Frank's bill. "Ultimately, the possibility of further crises – even greater crises – will increase."

What's most troubling is that we don't know if Obama has changed, or if the influence of Wall Street is simply a fundamental and ineradicable element of our electoral system. What we do know is that Barack Obama pulled a bait-and-switch on us. If it were any other politician, we wouldn't be surprised. Maybe it's our fault, for thinking he was different.

Finance reform has become to Obama what Iraq War coffins were to Bush: something to be tucked safely out of sight.

like themselves had a big hand in ousting several Obama-allied Democrats, including a governor of New Jersey who just happened to be the former CEO of Goldman Sachs. A sign held up by New Jersey protesters bears the warning IF YOU VOTE FOR OBAMACARE, WE WILL CORZINE YOU.

I approach a woman named Pat Defilippis from Toms River, New Jersey, and ask her why she's here. "To protest health care," she answers. "And then amnesty. You know, immigration amnesty."

I ask her if she's aware that there's a big hearing going on in the House today, where Barney Frank's committee is marking up a bill to reform the financial regulatory system. She recognizes Frank's name, wincing, but the rest of my question leaves her staring at me like I'm an alien.

hate "liberals" – because he uses big words, doesn't believe in hell and doesn't flip out at the sight of gay people holding hands. Additionally, of course, he's black, and wasn't born in America, and is married to a woman who secretly hates our country.

These are the kinds of voters whom Obama's gang of Wall Street advisers is counting on: idiots. People whose votes depend not on whether the party in power delivers them jobs or protects them from economic villains, but on what cultural markers the candidate flashes on TV. Finance reform has become to Obama what Iraq War coffins were to Bush: something to be tucked safely out of sight.

Around the same time that finance reform was being watered down in Congress at the behest of his Treasury secretary,

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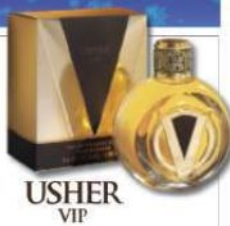
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SPORTS



Um . . . Sorry, Brett

The awful truth about Brett Favre's amazing comeback in Minnesota. Plus: Bill Belichick's blunder By Matt Taibbi

THE REALLY AMAZING thing about the Brett Favre story this year is that the margin of error was so small. Brett and his never-ending will-I/won't-I comeback drama had reached a level of murderously annoying ubiquity achieved by just a few human beings in the media age, passing Britney, Jon Benet, A-Rod, Michael Jackson – landing just short of both Barack Obama and Sarah Palin, and probably just about even with Joel Osteen.

Over the summer, I called for the NFL to chain Favre to a rock in the middle of the ocean, so he could have his liver pecked out by hungry seabirds until the end of time. There's just no way, I thought, that this guy can ever play well enough to justify all of the bullshit he's put us through – especially since we watched him spend the past three or four seasons rifling balls into quadruple coverage, playing like a man whose brain was made entirely of engorged penile tissue, a

human hard-on in a helmet, country-dumb and sure in every situation.

But somehow, he's managed one of the most spectacular reputation-saving comebacks in the history of sports, a long-shot triumph on the order of a half-starved Ernest Shackleton making it back in a longboat over 800 miles of Antarctic seas to South

Favre has managed one of the most amazing comebacks in the history of sports.

Georgia Island.

There is a school of thought out there that Favre shouldn't get credit for any kind of feat this season because (a) he whined and schemed his way out of two different teams, the Packers and the Jets, and (b) he did so precisely to get himself to the Vikings, playing opposite an A-list defense and behind a monster offensive line, handing off to a snarling beast

of a running back, Adrian Peterson, whose very name makes strong safeties everywhere shit their pants in terror. I get the argument that the Peterson factor makes it hard to judge just how well Favre is playing, given that he's throwing against teams that have nine or 10 guys sitting at the line of scrimmage on every play. Go into any sports bar, and you'll hear people say that even JaMarcus Russell might look like an NFL quarterback on this current Vikings team.

But Favre's greatest achievement has been that he hasn't been Brett Favre. Apart from the gaudy statistics – 17 touchdown passes and a league-high QB rating – he hasn't been hurling spirit-killing picks game after game. Everything in Brett Favre's history up until this fall suggested that it was his destiny to come to Minnesota specifically to destroy this otherwise perfect football team. It doesn't matter that the Vikings coaches probably promised him free beer

Illustration by JOHN UELAND

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Brett Favre photograph for illustration by Benny Sieu/Milwaukee Journal Sentinel/Landov. Opposite page: Rob Tringali/Sportschrome/Getty Images

and a cheerleader hand job every time he took a sack instead of making a risky throw on third-and-long. But Favre not only hasn't made the big mistake, he's actually played like a Hall of Famer all season. The list of quarterbacks who can throw the deep out with regularity and challenge the whole field is really short – it's basically Tom Brady and Peyton Manning and Drew Brees, occasionally Kurt Warner, and even more occasionally Philip Rivers. And Favre. And that's it.

Even Ben Roethlisberger, accuracy-wise, has been a mess this year compared with Favre. The supersophomores Joe Flacco and Matt Ryan both took big steps back. Jay Cutler has completely sucked balls. Eli Manning lately is playing like he's got a giant tick sucking on his decision-making center. And Matt

Schaub and Matt Hasselbeck are just guys.

It's incredible, but Favre has actually justified the hype. Is there anything in the world that seemed less possible than that three months ago? Not only that, but this Favre comeback is the best creaky-old-guy-cutting-it story since George Foreman knocked out Michael Moorer in 1994. Even if his knees fall off down the stretch, even if he blows the NFC championship game with another playoff interception that's run back for a touchdown in overtime, so what? Favre has already taken the Vikings beyond where they'd have gone with Tarvaris Jackson or Sage Rosenfels – and earned an apology from all of us.

Bad Love in Boston

THE PATRIOTS' KNIFE-IN-the-heart loss to the Colts on November 15th was ul-

timate proof of one of the most timeless laws of NFL success: Coaches in love always get beat in the end.

The Patriots of the past decade have been great because Bill Belichick called every game like he was moving dumb, obedient pieces of meat around on the field – Tom Brady just happened to be the name of the guy who in Belichick's head was "the quarterback" competently executing his bloodless game plans. When people asked Coach about Brady back then, he would say things like "All our players have to keep improving" or "The quarterback's number-one job is to protect the football," etc. Belichick has repeatedly proven over the years that he doesn't get sentimental about anyone, cutting one legend after another, and yet, when it comes to Brady, Belichick has gone soft. He's so in love with this player that it's warped his thinking. It started in 2008, when Belichick lost the Super Bowl trying to sneak a fast-break offense past 53 angry guys bent on beating the shit out of the glamour gods.

As for the Colts game: The old Belichick would never have thrown a pass on fourth down from his own 28 against Peyton Manning, no matter what the percentages were. He wouldn't have done it, because it's morally wrong. If the offense doesn't get it done, you kick it away and tell the defense it's their turn to step up. That's the fundamental play, and Belichick would have done it in a heartbeat if anyone else was playing quarterback for him. But Belichick opted instead to let Brady try for the romance-novel-hero ending. Not that the rapid emotional growth of Bill Belichick isn't touching to see – he suddenly seems positively gregarious in press conferences – but he was a much better coach back when he was an icy, socially tortured introvert.

The Weird-Hair Effect

While we're on the subject of how wrong I was about Favre, can I bring up the call I made on the Cincinnati Bengals? I thought they'd be good, but they are beyond what I imagined – and I'm pretty sure the team owes it all to Domata Peko.

The monster Samoan nose tackle and his 15-foot-long strawberry-colored mane have emerged as one of the top stories in the NFL. Peko's red Samoa-rope is having the same effect on the 2009 Bengals that Kyle Turley's flowing white-trash mullet had on the 2000 Saints and T.J. Houshmandzadeh's turbo-Iranian rat tail had on the 2005 Bengals. It only happens every now and then, but it's clear that sometimes a team just needs that one weird-hair player to put it over the top.

There's no hard-and-fast rule – the weird-hair player can even be bald (the pattern-baldness Seahawks became a

juggernaut behind Matt Hasselbeck in 2003), and there are plenty of cases of negative hair karma burying teams. The Raiders, for instance, thought they had a franchise left tackle when they drafted Robert Gallery second overall in 2004 (ahead of Larry Fitzgerald, and Ben Roethlisberger), but Gallery's decision to show up for training camp in Andie MacDowell curls doomed the team for years.

Incidentally, the team that understands this dynamic best has always been the Steelers. Everyone knows about Troy Polamalu, but just as important to the Steelers' success has been lineman Chris Kemoeatu's black-Lincoln beard and kicker Jeff Reed's drunken-ass-hole peroxide job. But with the Bengals in first place in the AFC Central, maybe the absence of guard Alan Faneca's food-capturing mountain beard has hurt the Steelers more than they realize.



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TEEN WOLF

*FROM MARTIAL ARTS
TO 'NEW MOON,' TAYLOR
LAUTNER'S WILD RIDE*

*BY NEIL STRAUSS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER*

HAVE YOU EVER snorted a line of cocaine before?"

"A line of cocaine?!" Taylor Lautner, 17, replies. "No. I've never done any drug."

We are sitting on a gym mat in the North Hollywood headquarters of Xtreme Martial Arts. And we are trying as hard as we can to find some dirt on Lautner.

Two days earlier, Lautner wrapped filming in Vancouver on *Eclipse*, the third episode of the teen romance based on Stephenie Meyer's bestselling *Twilight* books about the love triangle between a girl from a broken home, an overprotective vampire who has intimacy issues and an amorous werewolf stuck in the friend zone.

Lautner, as every girl under 16 knows, is the latter manimal, Jacob. With the eight-pack abs. And the tan, chiseled face. And

No.

Have you ever been arrested?

No.

How about traffic tickets? What's the worst moving violation you've ever gotten?

I've never gotten one. Wow. This is interesting.

Um, how about urinating on public property? Have you ever done that?

On public property?

Like an alley or a park bench.

I guess, like, forests or in the woods if it's an emergency.

That doesn't count. What about drinking? Have you ever been drunk?

No.

Come on, I don't believe that.

I could just be answering no to everything.

OK, so you've probably been drunk before and maybe watched some porn.

OK, OK. Yeah, it is up to you for interpretation.

So if you've been drunk, what's the harm in saying it? There's nothing wrong with it.

to be the one that has that opportunity. I'm so grateful. It's *Twilight*. It's not me personally."

Lautner was not originally supposed to be in *New Moon*, because between the two books, the character transforms from a diminutive boy to a giant of a man. So as soon as filming on *Twilight* ended, before a new director was even assigned to *New Moon*, Lautner began preparing for the casting by drinking protein shakes, eating every two hours and working out until he gained 20 pounds of muscle. His co-stars put in strong words for Lautner, who promised *New Moon*'s director, Chris Weitz, he would gain 10 more pounds of muscle, which he accomplished, winning not only the role but the hearts of teenage girls everywhere.

"He gets a lot of attention because he's buff," says Kristen Stewart, who plays Bella in the *Twilight* films and who became Lautner's closest friend on set. "But I think as soon as the movie comes out, people are going to realize that's not why he got the job."

But even though fame has come to

"THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYONE WHO PLAYED JACOB," says Lautner. "It's 'Twilight.' It's not me personally."

the pearly-white smile. And the squeaky-clean Disney-worthy reputation that we are attempting to ruin.

Although he's lived around L.A. for much of his life, Lautner, oddly, had no idea where to do this interview. So I suggested going to visit the person who is the key to his career, without whom it wouldn't have been possible: Mike Chat, also known as the blue Power Ranger and, more important for Lautner, the founder of Xtreme Martial Arts, a school of theatrical fighting that transformed Lautner from an 11-year-old world karate champion into a 17-year-old superstar heartthrob. Outside the studio, there are three life-size photos of Lautner at age 11 emblazoned on the glass windows. There are also three paparazzi waiting for him to emerge.

Lautner is wearing a black Xtreme Martial Arts T-shirt and matching sweatpants. And, as the line of questioning continues, he grows more and more uncomfortable.

You haven't even smoked pot once?

No.

How about cigarettes?

No.

Not even tried them without inhaling?

Contributing editor NEIL STRAUSS interviewed Stephen Colbert in RS 1087.

Can I ask you something?

Sure.

What did you do with Zac Efron when you interviewed him?

Taylor Lautner is not used to this type of interview. We will spend the day together doing martial arts, evading paparazzi and eating steak. And talking. A lot.

It will be, in a word, awkward.

This is because Lautner isn't really a star. Right now, he is a phenomenon. Outside the home where he lives with his parents and sister, there can be as many as 12 paparazzi vehicles lurking. There have been three books written about him, countless fan websites, and every week, the tabloids offer fresh speculation on his rumored relationship with Taylor Swift.

Yet all these fans and journalists hounding him, obsessed with him, haven't really seen him do anything yet. Aside from a few roles, his acting experience is limited to four unexceptional scenes in *Twilight*, the first film in the series.

Lautner is featured far more prominently in the sequel, *New Moon*, getting almost as much screen time as the brooding Robert Pattinson, who plays vampire Edward. "This could have happened to anybody who played Jacob," Lautner says modestly. "I was just lucky enough

Lautner later than it has to Stewart and Pattinson, he appears to be handling it with much more ease. "You look at Kristen Stewart and Robert Pattinson, and they look miserable about their success," says a Hollywood producer. "Taylor is like a kid in a candy store. He's so happy and excited."

'YOU SAW 'NEW MOON'?" Lautner exclaims, grinning wildly. "I haven't even seen the movie yet.

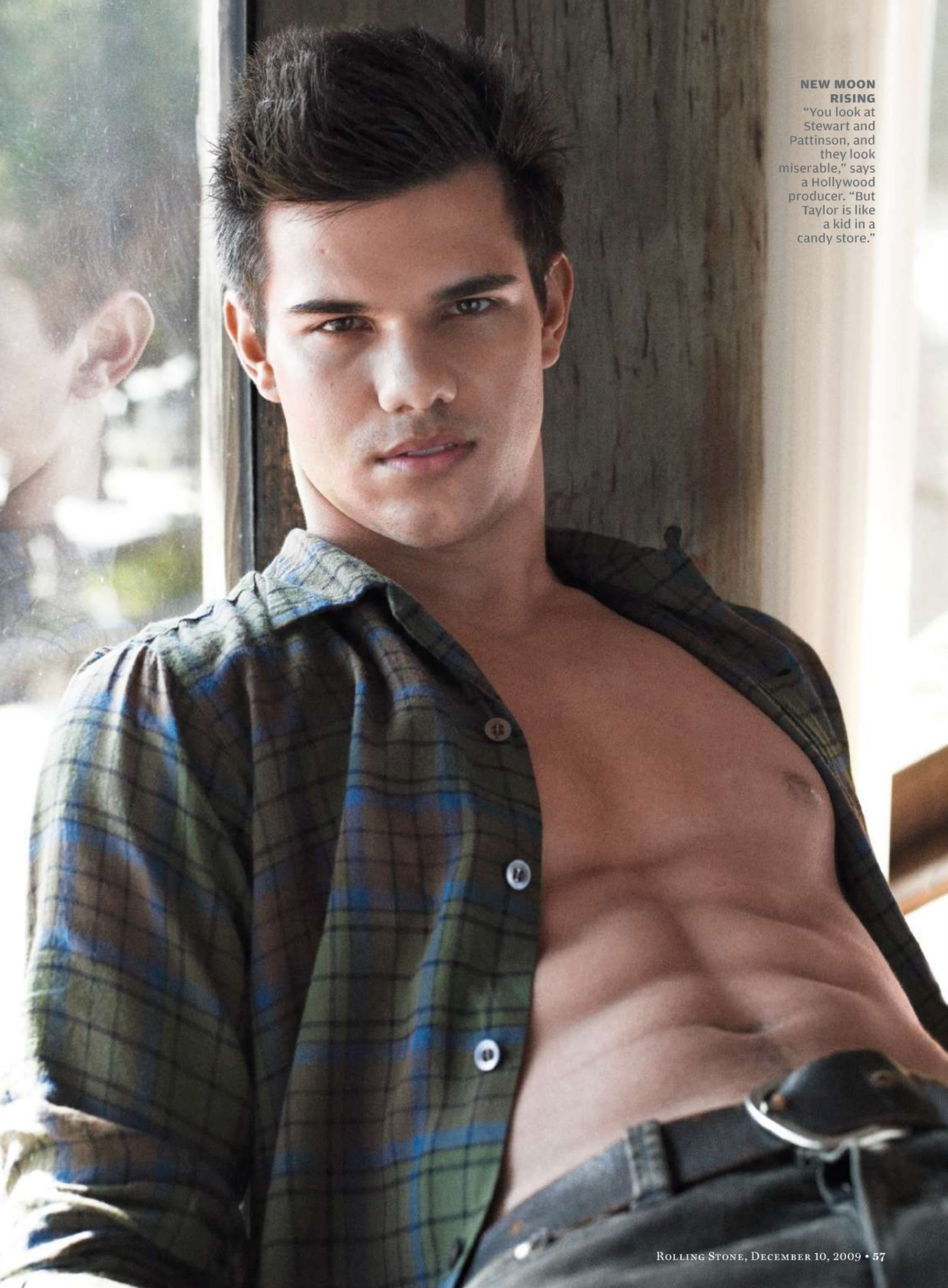
How was the CGI? How do the wolves look? How about the back flip at the end where I turn into a wolf?"

He stands on a gym mat in the corner of the Xtreme Martial Arts studio. The film is three weeks away from its release date, and final edits are still being made. "So I just jump and poof into a wolf?" he continues his barrage of questions as he executes a perfect double flip.

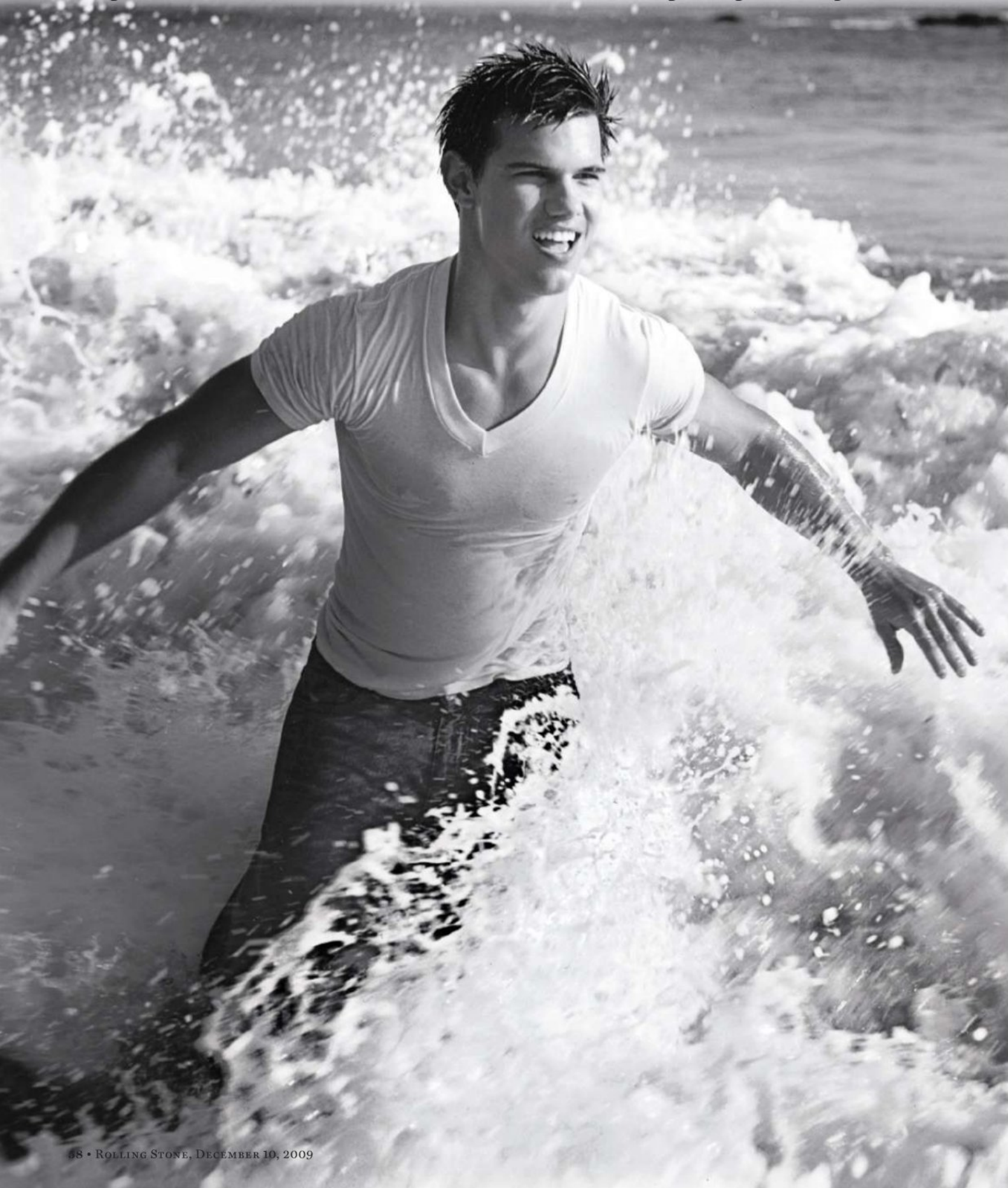
He walks over to Chat, a thin, wiry Chinese-Thai-American who looks younger than his 34 years. Chat is a former martial-arts champion and actor who has licensed his XMA techniques to 725 schools around the country. It is often difficult to tell whether Chat thinks of the discipline as a steppingstone to acting or

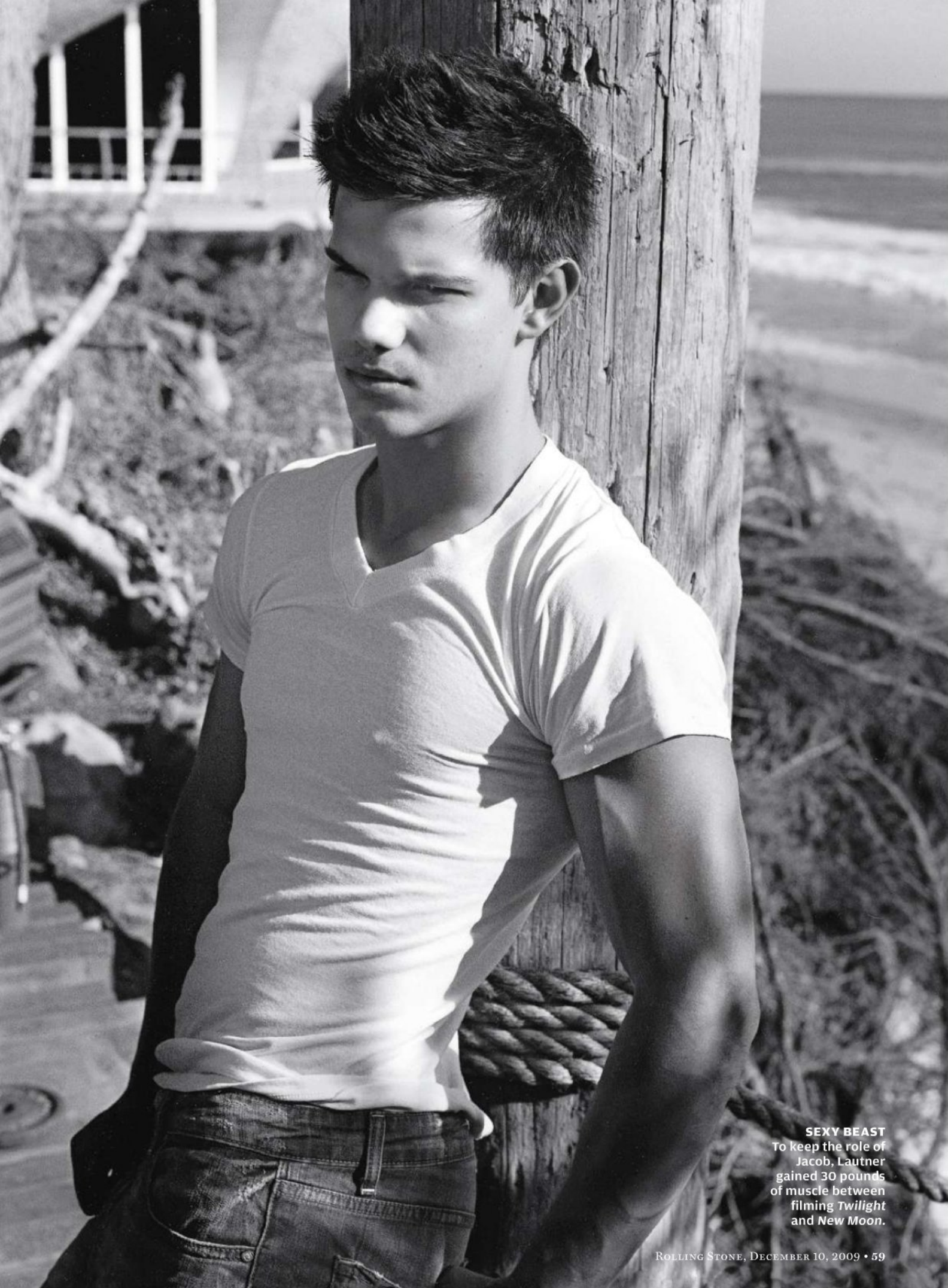
**NEW MOON
RISING**

"You look at Stewart and Pattinson, and they look miserable," says a Hollywood producer. "But Taylor is like a kid in a candy store."



***“HE GETS A LOT OF ATTENTION
BECAUSE HE’S BUFF,”***
says Kristen Stewart. “But that’s not why he got the job.”





SEXY BEAST

To keep the role of Jacob, Lautner gained 30 pounds of muscle between filming *Twilight* and *New Moon*.

whether he hopes that placing his students on TV shows and films will help popularize his style of martial arts. Either way, if looking cool is more important than fighting well, Xtreme Martial Arts is the way to go.

"Show him the bo," Chat instructs. The relationship between mentor and student seems strange. Lautner is Chat's biggest success story by far, yet he has grown way beyond the world of Xtreme Martial Arts, which he hasn't competed in for years. At five feet nine, well-built but far from imposing, Lautner seems to be balancing on the precipice between subservient teenager and independent adult.

Lautner picks up a bo staff and frets that he can't do it anymore. Nonetheless, he begins spinning it in his hands, behind his back and over his head as if he'd never taken a break. This is something he does often: worrying that he'll fail at something, then succeeding effortlessly.

"People say Taylor got where he is because he has *it*," Chat says as the bo staff whirls in a helicopter blur. "But he worked hard for it. He practiced like a disciplined Navy SEAL."

"This brings back memories," Lautner says. "I remember working six days a week, four hours a day on the bo. After school, I would go to the basketball court and just practice, practice, practice."

There are two kinds of child stars: the Lindsay Lohans and the Zac Efrons. The Lohans are from broken homes, were abandoned in some way and witnessed or were victims of some form of abuse. The Efrons are raised by two parents who love and support them, and are brought up in some sort of religious faith. The Lohans end up in the tabloids for doing stupid, destructive things to themselves and others, usually fueled by drugs, alcohol and self-esteem issues; the Efrons tend to work hard, discourage any attention paid to their personal lives and stay away from clubs, drugs and the back seats of police cars. Lohans are interesting but unstable and depressed, while Efrons are boring but grounded and happy.

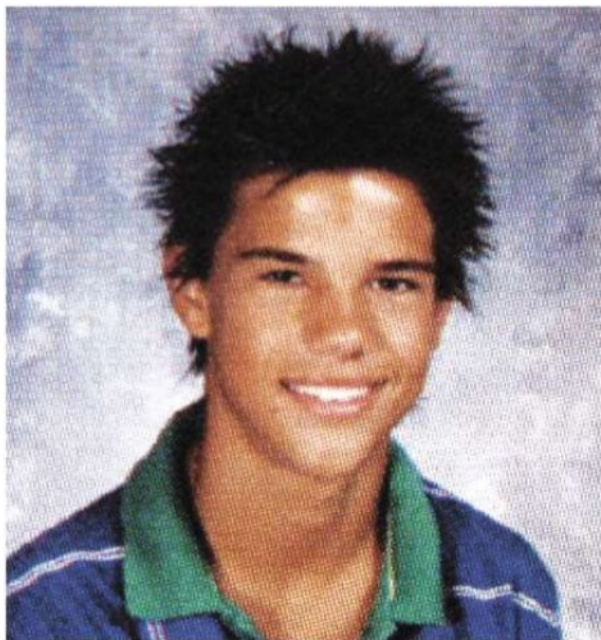
Lautner is most definitely an Efron. His father, Dan, is an airline pilot with a master's degree in clinical psychology. His mother, Deb, was a project manager at Herman Miller, the office-equipment manufacturer. They are still married, took Lautner regularly to their Catholic church, supported him from an early age and taught him a strong work ethic and a sense of morality.

"It's key as parents to talk to him about what is important in life, because it's not about being a movie star," Dan Lautner

says. "We tell Taylor, 'You've been given this opportunity. Be thankful for it, because it may disappear one day.'"

Most of the money Lautner has made he's put in the bank rather than splurging on anything extravagant. And, at the behest of his parents, he has continued his studies, taking the California High School Proficiency Examination to test out of high school and then immediately enrolling in community college to take courses online.

Stewart says that one of the qualities she envies in Lautner is his ability to focus in the moment, without ever getting too introspective about or dwelling on the bigger issues. He has an inner stillness and solidity that are surprising for his age,



STUDENT LIFE

Lautner during his sophomore year at Valencia High School. As a boy, he left his home in Michigan to pursue martial arts and acting.

and he tends to communicate more with his thick, low-slung eyebrows than with words. At times, his laconic nature is unsettling: Questions that require deeper thought are responded to with a smiling "I got you" (which he says 18 times as his only answer to a question) or a "There you go" (nine times). Sometimes even an "Oh, my" (three times). All of which translate as "I understand, but I'm either not going to reply or don't know how to reply."

With such polite, and seemingly oblivious, responses, it sometimes appears as if Lautner has taken a press-training course in evading answers. That is, until one speaks to his father – and notices that they have the same "Aw, shucks" speaking voice and answer queries with the same vagueness. Unless, of course, they both took the same media-training course.

LAUTNER NEVER PLANNED to become an actor, he explains as he sits in the upstairs lounge of Chat's studio. He has changed out of his workout clothes and into black boots, tight jeans and a black form-fitting crew-neck shirt with three buttons. His passion, he says, was sports: football, baseball and especially karate, which he started learning at age six at Fabiano's Karate in Holland, Michigan. The following year, at a tournament, Lautner walked away with three first-place trophies – and a life-changing experience.

Lautner and his father went to a seminar that Chat was leading on Xtreme Martial Arts, and Taylor ended up impressed:

The idea of "jumping and flipping and doing all these cool tricks," as he puts it, far outshone the fun of karate. Afterward, the pair talked to Chat, who told them he was holding a six-day camp at UCLA in two weeks. So Lautner decided to attend. He was the youngest student there.

"We train the kids to find their breaking point," Chat says. "Everyone has a breaking point. But with Taylor we could push him beyond the breaking point. Sometimes it was one more routine when his legs were shaking and he was crying that he didn't want to do it. But he would make the decision to say, 'OK, this is what I need to do.'"

Lautner says now that the intense training "set me up for my life. It gave me the confidence, the discipline and the hard work. Chat used to tell me, 'If

you don't give 110 percent, you are not going to get anywhere.'"

That hard work and discipline led Lautner to three championship titles in Xtreme Martial Arts. And because many of his students had gone on to work in film, Chat proposed the idea one day to Lautner and his parents.

"It scared us at first," Lautner recalls. "We were like, 'No, that's not for us.' I was like, 'I'm sticking to my sports.' But for some reason, this guy believed in me. He said he'd put us up at his house for a month. And he'd help get me on auditions."

At first, Lautner's father was apprehensive and turned down Chat's invitations for a year. But then he decided it wouldn't hurt to try it out for the month and see if there was any potential. Lautner's grandfather, however, a retired Shell Oil employee, was a little more gung-ho. Chat recalls, "He would always pull me to the side and say, 'He needs to get out there in L.A. You know, he needs to take a shot at this stuff.'"

So Lautner, his father, his mother and his sister came out to live with Chat and his family. Two days before he was supposed to return to Michigan, Lautner received his first callback – for a Fox TV pilot called *Oliver Beene*. And though he didn't get the job, that was all the encouragement he and his family needed that he could do this.

At age nine, Lautner started commuting between Michigan and L.A. for auditions and martial-arts training, eventually landing his first booking in a promotional spot for Nickelodeon's *Rugrats* movie.

When Herman Miller shut its Michigan plant, the Lautners decided to leave the Midwest so Lautner could pursue acting more seriously. His mother found a job as a manager at a software-development company, and the family moved to an L.A. suburb. Soon, Lautner was landing small guest appearances on TV series like *The Bernie Mac Show* and doing commercials for Frosted Flakes and voice-overs for Scooby-Doo and Charlie Brown cartoons. From early on, Lautner, with his gleaming

we were like, 'All right, whatever. We'll see.' But when the movie came out, I was just blown away. That's when I realized, 'Boy, what am I getting myself into?'"

SOON, LAUTNER BEGINS TO get antsy. Though he constantly talks about his respect and gratitude for Chat, he is sitting on a couch as far away as possible from where Chat is sitting. As we walk toward the exit, I ask if anything's wrong. He says he was slightly uncomfortable at the studio because "it's not me anymore."

When asked where he wants to eat, Lautner says he hasn't been back to L.A. in so long that he doesn't know where to go anymore. Sushi is suggested, to which Lautner lowers an eyebrow, which translates as "Disgusting, but if you insist." Then Chinese. He raises one eyebrow, meaning "That's a slightly better possibility." Then steak, to which he raises both eyebrows, signifying a resounding yes.

He is a creature of habit, he explains.

movie *Valentine's Day*, in which he stars in a vignette opposite Taylor Swift. Thus, the inevitable question arises.

I do have to ask, did you and Taylor Swift end up dating after that?

We got along great. We instantly clicked. And she's – she's an amazing girl. Aside from being beautiful, she's extremely funny, charismatic and fun to be around, so we definitely get along. We're close.

You have a good way of not directly answering questions.

Oh, my.

I'll ask a specific question, and then you will take it somewhere more general.

Got you.

Do you know what I'm talking about?

Like you'll ask something specific, and I'll take it to a different area? Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

It's just a personal choice.

Got you.

I know what you're going to say, but are you going out with someone?

Possibly.

"WHEN I WAS IN SCHOOL, THERE WAS A LITTLE BULLYING GOING ON," says Lautner. "People making fun of what I do."

white teeth, thick black hair, tan face and flattened nose, was typecast as the popular kid, the jock, the bully and the love interest in almost every show. Was this who he was in real life? "I don't think so," says Lautner. "I definitely hope I was never the bully. I was never extremely confident."

He shifts uneasily. "Because I was acting," he says, "when I was in school there was a little bullying going on. Not physical bullying but people making fun of what I do... I just had to tell myself I can't let this get to me. This is what I love to do. And I'm going to continue doing it."

In 2005, he landed the role of Sharkboy in *The Adventures of Sharkboy and Lavagirl in 3-D*. Lautner and his family thought it would be his big break. Especially when, afterward, he was cast in *Cheaper by the Dozen 2*. But instead of skyrocketing him to success, both films flopped.

And so, after the films, Lautner entered a slow period. But then, in 2008, his career began anew: He was cast as Christian Slater's son on the short-lived show *My Own Worst Enemy* and began shooting a movie based on a cult vampire romance called *Twilight*.

"Nobody knew what *Twilight* was going to be," Lautner says. "Nobody. We thought we were making it just for passionate fans of the book. People kept telling us, 'Oh, yeah, the movie is going to do so good.' And

"Everybody tries to get me to go outside my comfort zone with food, but I stick to what I like. I start with my Caesar salad, then get my steak, a side of garlic mashed potatoes and maybe some asparagus. And I'm fine with that every single night."

"He's so picky. I was the first person who got him to eat sushi," Stewart recalls. "He's very set in his ways. But that is very informative of his personality. He's very steady. He has a really solid sense of himself."

As we walk to Lautner's shiny BMW, three paparazzi start moving in, snapping photos. When he gets into his car, they jump into their cars. As we drive to Beverly Hills for steak, Lautner points out their techniques. One car stays on his right, another on his left, and one behind him, so that no matter what direction he chooses to go, someone can tail him.

"They probably get annoyed, because I don't do things," he says as he turns onto the freeway. "When I'm at home, I wake up, I go to the gym. I get in my car. I drive down to L.A., and I go to meetings all day. Then I come back, eat dinner, see my family, see friends, go to bed, and then do the same thing over again the next day."

We pull into the Grill and are inside before the photographers can get out of their cars. Lautner orders the usual – filet mignon, garlic mashed potatoes and salad – and begins talking about the upcoming

You've already given me the answer.

Really? I don't think I'm giving you any answer.

Like you said on "Valentine's Day," you and Taylor got along really well. My guess is there is something romantic going on, and you're seeing how it develops.

You're pretty good with the analysis. So I don't know. I guess I'm going to trust you.

Of course, there are other possibilities.

Yeah, what's another possibility?

Another possibility is that maybe you're just sort of discovering yourself...

OK.

...as a young person trying to figure out his sexual identity in the world.

OK. I see where you're going. Interesting choice.

It is a possibility.

There's a lot of rumors out there.

Lautner says that he's never been promiscuous: "Yeah, I would need to know the person. I'm really big about, like, commitment. Loyalty is a major thing for me."

He finishes his steak, and we exit the restaurant and return to his car as the paparazzi leap to attention. And I wonder if he's really told me anything. I ask him if he's ever played poker before.

"Yeah," he replies, raising both eyebrows. "I used to play poker a lot." **PS**



CLOSE-UP

CITIZEN GORE

The former vice president on the 2000 election, his new book and how digital democracy can save the planet

BY JOSE ANTONIO VARGAS

AL GORE HAS SPENT HIS career in public office preaching about two issues. The first – the threat of global warming – earned him a Nobel Peace Prize. The second – the political potential of the Internet – has earned him mostly ridicule. But ever since Barack Obama's election, even Web-savvy Republicans have started to hail Gore, who sits on the board of Apple and serves as a senior adviser to Google, as one of the earliest and most influential prophets of digital democracy. Andrew Rasiej, founder of the bipartisan Personal Democracy Forum, the largest annual gathering of tech-political geeks, calls Gore a “godfather of this emerging political movement.”

On a crisp fall day, Gore sits down with *ROLLING STONE* at his home in Nashville, a few minutes south of downtown. Powered by a geothermal system and 33 solar panels, the house is certified as Gold LEED, one of the highest ratings attainable for green design. “It’s been a long process, getting all of this done,” Gore says proudly. Dressed in jeans and a faded blue shirt, an iPhone vibrating from his left pocket, he seems leaner and more relaxed than he’s been in years. On the eve of the publication of his new book, *Our Choice: A Plan to Solve the Climate Crisis*, Gore reflects on both the evolution of the Internet and the survival of the planet.

Obama wrote the playbook on how to win an election using the “here comes everybody” nature of the Internet. But a year into his presidency, many feel that his administration is governing in the same old Washington way. What happened?

Basically, the whole arm of the campaign that used the Internet was severed from the group that moved into the White House. They used the Internet as a tool for enhancing the effectiveness of their grassroots organizers, and they did it better than anyone else. They just haven’t figured

out yet how to move from campaigning to governance. That’s a long and difficult transition for any politician to make.

What do you say to people who feel frustrated by that?

It was inevitable that all these high hopes would collide with the still-impressive forces of resistance entrenched in the legislative branch. I would urge people to hold Obama accountable and keep the pressure on but to give him credit for the many changes he has already brought about. For example, even though he hasn’t been able to get the Senate climate bill passed yet, his EPA has enacted tough new CO₂ reductions. And just yesterday, he

“I would urge people to hold Obama accountable – but to give him credit for the many changes he has already made.”

announced that new mercury regulations were going into effect in 2011.

What do you think of the president winning the Nobel Peace Prize?

I was glad, I was glad. I hope it further encourages him to be bold.

Do you think he should attend the climate summit in Copenhagen after he accepts his Nobel Prize in Oslo?

It’s important for him to go. The last four days are when the key decisions are made, and I would certainly like to see President Obama attend.

If bloggers had the same kind of influence in 2000 that they have now, would that have changed the outcome of the election?

Oh, my God. No question, no question. Absolutely.

So we’re starting to see the kind of digital democracy you envisioned when you entered Congress as an “Atari Democrat”?

The Internet is now getting close to the stage where it will be possible for it to eclipse television, making it possible for people to really participate in representative democracy. But we’re not there yet. We’re still at a stage where TV is completely dominant in our political culture, which enables those with a lot of money to exercise enormous influence in the political system.

Is that why online activism hasn’t been able to galvanize action on climate change?

It’s the quintessential example of how the broad public interest is directly contrary to the passionately held special interest of large carbon polluters. The entire world is waiting for the United States to get its act together and become a champion for the broad public interest in saving the future of civilization. But the system is still so dysfunctional and the influence of these special interests is so obscenely great that they have paralyzed the political system to the point where it’s not responding to the most powerful public interest of all: survival for future generations.

But can’t the same social-networking tools Obama used to mobilize voters be used by carbon polluters to defend their interests?

I don’t think it’s an accident that every major progressive reform movement is based on the Internet. The nature of the medium is such that it invites new ideas and a regular challenge to orthodoxy. And that’s a good thing for human civilization at this stage of history, where we’re confronting this brand-new reality, where the relationship between the species and the planet has been radically altered. We have to quickly find a new pattern, one that doesn’t continue the process of destroying the ecosphere on which human life depends. Eventually, as the Internet eclipses television, politics will emerge at a higher level of complexity where the individual’s role is restored. But the individual has to fight for it. And the individual has to feel like it’s worth fighting for.

PS

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



THE HEALER

Jamie Tworkowski's suicide-prevention group is now one of the biggest nonprofits online.



Surfer *to* Savior

The making of a
teen-angst guru in
the Age of MySpace

BY ALLISON GLOCK

IT'S JUST PAST NOON IN ATLANTA, WHERE the Warped Tour is in full swing, but already Jamie Tworkowski has hugged 79 people, posed for 56 photographs, signed 42 autographs, blotted the tears of 13 young girls (and two teenage boys), and heard the words "you saved my life" at least a dozen times. He has seen phrases he wrote tattooed on torsos and legs, held a woman's hand while she wept for her dead son, and shared his cherry sno-cone with a stranger who proclaims he wants to be just like Tworkowski – "just so fucking righteous, man!" ✦ Tworkowski, a 29-year-old surfer dude and college dropout, has become a new kind of guru to a generation of troubled teenagers, the father of an accidental movement, if one believes in accidents, which Tworkowski does not. His message is pretty standard-issue savior – touchy-feely, vaguely Christian, mixed with industrial-strength empathy – but his delivery is radically different from the usual feel-your-pain smarm so common among the self-help crowd. He's disarmingly sincere, surfer-handsome and so completely, unequivocally genuine that he can turn the most jaded, eye-rolling, authority-questioning anarchist into a quivering, weeping supplicant. The organization he founded three years ago, To Write Love on Her Arms (TWLOHA), already boasts the largest audience of any nonprofit on MySpace, deluged with more than 100,000 messages – many of them suicide notes – from kids in more than 100 countries. If you are a bulimic cheerleader, a loner with violent thoughts, a pretty goth girl who likes to make like Lindsay and draw a sharp

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER YANG

blade across your arm, chances are that the shrinks and guidance counselors you've been sent to see will strike you as full of shit. Tworkowski is the one person who'll get through to you – through Twitter or Facebook or a rock concert or, if you're lucky, with an old-fashioned hug.

"I didn't mean to start a charity," Tworkowski says, sipping bottled water as he takes a break from autograph-signing in TWLOHA's tent at the Warped Tour. "Or a movement. But all of us can relate to pain. On a very simple level we are saying, 'This is part of being human.'"

When he appears onstage, Tworkowski is humble, shy, almost recessive. He dresses in jeans or shorts and concert tees. His cadence is like spoken-word poetry: broken, muted, hypnotic. He is the kind of person that people reverse-anthropomorphize, describing him as a "little lamb" or "Bambi-like." He is also supremely good-looking – six feet three, lithe, with deep-set eyes, swollen lips and a nonthreatening andro vibe. If he's Bambi, he's a Bambi many people would like to bang.

At the TWLOHA tent, a steady stream of girls and a handful of boys line up, waiting for their moment in Tworkowski's company. They bounce and fidget, they scratch imaginary itches, they squeal. The other nonprofit tents – Invisible Children, Boarding for Breast Cancer, Music Saves Lives – have no lines, no throngs of eager youth damp with anticipation. At the front of the line, a girl in a string bikini leans forward, her chest thrust out. "Do you sign tits?" she asks Tworkowski.

Tworkowski is unfazed by all the attention. "It's not really about me," he says as he signs the girl's arm. "They just associate me with something that means something to them. If you think about what's at stake, it's understandable people respond the way they do. Part of what we do is *believe* things. Believe our stories can have a better ending."

But a few folks around Tworkowski are worried on his behalf. What happens to the Samaritan when he becomes viewed as a savior? How much can you give of yourself before there's nothing left to give? And how does a servant of the people keep himself from turning into just another shill – or worse, from slipping into self-regard? "Jamie has gotten bigger than life," laments his father, Joe, a solar-energy designer and his son's surfing buddy. "People seem to think he has the answer. You know – *the answer!*"

ALLISON GLOCK wrote about Nick Lachey in *RS 999*. She is the author of *Beauty Before Comfort*.

2



1



Riding the Wave

Before he started a charity, Tworkowski spent much of his time on the beach in Florida. (1) With a surfing trophy he won at age 14. (2) Surfing in 2002. He was "a little mad dog," recalls a former world surfing champion. (3) Renee Yohe, whom Jamie helped during a low point in her life. (4) On tour with Jon Foreman of Switchfoot (left) and Anthony Raneri of Bayside (right).

4



3



It was a stark departure for a beach bum who grew up chasing waves, not junkies. "That meeting changed my whole life," he says. "It put me face to face with the reality of suffering and made me wonder if I could do something about it." Suddenly, selling board shorts and having coffee with cool band dudes didn't seem as compelling.

A few days after, Tworkowski blogged on MySpace about Renee's cutting, the way she carved *FUCK UP* into her arm with a razor blade. He wanted, he said, to find a way "to write love on her arms." "Take a broken girl, treat her like a famous princess," he wrote. "Give her the best seats in the house. Buy her coffee and cigarettes for the coming down, books and bathroom things for the days ahead. Tell her something true when all she's known are lies. Tell her God loves her. Tell her about forgiveness, the possibility of freedom, tell her she was made to dance in white dresses. All these things are true."

TWLOHA STARTED IN 2006, WHEN Tworkowski was a music-loving surf kid, rubbing elbows and making friends with indie-band members he met through his job as a sales rep for a hip surfing clothing company. He was going out to hear bands most nights, hitting the beach to ride most mornings. One day, a friend who wanted company and moral support asked Tworkowski if he'd mind driving with him across town to help a drug-addicted teenager named Renee Yohe who was threatening to kill herself. "I'd never had an encounter like that," Tworkowski says, "never tried to help someone in the middle of an addiction, someone who committed self-injury."

Tworowski posted the story on his MySpace page – and then, in an effort to raise money for Renee's treatment, decided to print some T-shirts he and a buddy designed bearing the words TO WRITE LOVE ON HER ARMS.

"I had been at a Coldplay show in March, and I was really inspired," he says. "There is something about singing 'Yellow' with 15,000 people, and they drop the balls from the ceiling, and you just start to believe that the world can be a better place. I had this idea the shirts would be black because Coldplay was wearing black at the time. And the letters would be white because their shoes were white at the time." He chuckles. "Very deep stuff."

What happened next, he says, was "grace." The TWLOHA shirts arrived, and an old friend Tworowski knew from his sales days, Switchfoot singer and guitarist Jon Foreman, asked if he could wear one onstage.

"I played it cool," says Tworowski. "I was like, 'Sure.'"

That night, Foreman mentioned the shirt at his show and directed fans to TW-

ing, live together in a bungalow in Cocoa Beach, Florida. Mostly they operate on the Web, responding to messages online, but they are starting to spend more and more time on the road, speaking at schools and rock shows, reaching out to meet kids where they live, trying to heal the pain by getting as close to it as possible.

Like Barack Obama, Tworowski knows that the key to reaching his intended audience is authenticity. The cult of hope cannot survive irony or sham, so Tworowski stays on point, banishing anything resembling disingenuousness – there is no joking at TWLOHA – talking always and only about the power of love and forgiveness and the shared universe of sorrow. "We have to be careful," he warns. "If we're not careful, it's just cute."

For Tworowski, no admission from the hundreds of kids he meets each day is too gruesome or off-balance – no matter what they tell him, he reflects back only invariable, mellow love, Keanu-style. And he hears some shit. Abuse stories, neglect, girls raped by their fathers, drug-addicted moms who tell their daughters they should

that traditional experts don't know is happening. It's just wonderful."

The flattery doesn't move Tworowski. "At the conference, someone said, 'We need to find more guys like you,'" he says. "The more interesting question is 'How does this thing I am a part of happen?' We met kids where they were. Conventional help doesn't do that."

IT IS 100 DEGREES AT THE WARPED Tour, but the girl shuffling into the Lakewood Amphitheatre is still wearing her black TWLOHA sweatshirt. Tworowski spots her on his way there, and he rolls down his car window.

"Hey!" he says, smiling. "Thanks for wearing that."

The girl turns slowly, then realizes who it is. "Oh, my God! You're awesome!" she says, putting her hand to her face and patting it repeatedly.

"What's your name?" he asks gently.

"Jocabeth," she tells him, shaking now. She paws at her neon-pink hair, then asks for a hug. Tworowski leans awkwardly out of the window and wraps his arms

Tworowski's rise has roiled some old-school shrinks, who bristle at his sudden success. "Sweet little Jamie is in way over his head," grumbles one suicide expert.

LOHA's website. By the time Tworowski got home, he had hundreds of hits. The first box of 200 shirts sold out in two weeks. Tworowski ordered more, and set up a link so people could buy them online. Cash started to roll in – \$2.9 million in merchandise sales last year, far more than was necessary for one girl's rehab. So Tworowski started TWLOHA, hoping to reach thousands of Renees, all those kids in the world struggling with depression and addictions and self-injury and suicidal urges.

"I'm the top of a T-shirt brand that hopes to be a lot more," Tworowski laughs. "I don't have a problem with money – but that's not why we exist. We exist to move people. How do you create hope? How do you encourage an honest conversation? If you move someone, they'll come back."

PART OF TWOROWSKI'S GENIUS is that he has found a way to package hope with hoodies, to combine the desperate need teenagers have for connection with their unquenchable urge to shop. As one poster wrote in June, "i love twloha! it has helped me so much. i write love on my arm every day. i have alot of stuff from twloha too."

In practice, TWLOHA looks more like a philanthropic version of MTV's *Real World* than the newest approach to counseling troubled teens. Tworowski's staff of six interns, who are trained in basic counsel-

ing, have been aborted, parents who have found their children hanging in closets, 11-year-olds who wish they were dead.

"Self-injury and depression are on the rise statistically," says Tworowski. "Kids have always suffered – the difference now is that you hear about these things in the media, and it gives kids ideas. You're depressed, and you read about Angelina Jolie cutting herself, and you think, 'Maybe that could work for me.' Kids are trying to figure all this stuff out on their own. They are confronting this pain alone."

Tworowski's rise has roiled certain old-school shrinks, who bristle at his sudden success and lack of experience. "Sweet little Jamie is in way over his head," one government expert grumbles at a suicide-prevention conference held last spring in Washington, D.C. But even the most jaded mental-health veterans who view Tworowski's presentation at the conference tend to fall under his spell, middle-aged men and women weakening in the knees as they watch his eyelashes bat up and down, clamoring for TWLOHA tees when he hands them out, tossing them through the air, stadium-style: "Over here, Jamie! Over here!"

"I've worked in suicide prevention for 25 years," swoons Madelyn Gould, a professor of clinical epidemiology at Columbia University. "And the stuff Jamie is doing, it's like this whole underground conversation

tight around the girl, who bursts into sobs as soon as his skin touches hers.

Later, as he waits in line to enter the amphitheater, a girl in a halter and cutoff shorts grips his shoulder. "I saw your first story," she says. "It made me cry. It made my mom cry."

Tworowski crouches for a photo. "Sorry I'm so tall," he says, folding his body in half while the girl poses, hip jutted forward.

Tworowski makes eye contact with every fan. He asks them all their names, then pays them each a compliment.

"You have cool shoes."

"What an awesome tattoo."

"I like your thumb ring."

"Jamie! Jamie!" A high school girl comes bounding over. "You're him, right?"

Tworowski smiles, stoops, nods. The girl's neck turns tomato-red. She begins to cry. Heavily.

"Will you sign my shoe?"

"What's your name?"

"Jessica."

"My sister's name is Jessica," Tworowski says, writing in Sharpie, *Hope is real. Jamie*. Then he adds a smiley face at the bottom.

Jessica cradles the shoe like a kitten, runs her fingertip across the signature.

"I just love, I mean, I love everything you do. Can I have one more hug?"

No matter how many kids Tworowski hugs, his eyes never betray [Cont. on 102]





CLOSE-UP

50 Cent: Hard Again

50 CENT IS A GUY WHO HAS A FRUITY PURPLE DRINK named after him, is worth tens of millions of dollars and is having his signature scary-dragon tattoos removed from his arms to help him with less gangster-y acting roles. (He's tried covering them with makeup, but it looks bad if he sweats onscreen.) That hasn't stopped him from recording songs like the grimy "Crime Wave" and picking fights with Jay-Z. "You used to be from Marcy, nigga," 50 Cent yells at Jay on one new song. "Now you's a pass-the-Grey-Poupon-ass nigga!" "He thinks he's fucking Jesus, with this J-Hova shit," says 50 of Jay. The truth behind the feud may have to do with the marketing campaign for 50's new *Before I Self Destruct*—his hardest album since 2003's *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*. When we spoke to him, 50 was scrambling to promote *Self Destruct* after it leaked a month early on the Internet. (He says he was upset, but grateful that it was the finished album that leaked, "so you can really judge it.") He's also going to continue hedging his bets with more movies (*The Dânce* comes out in 2010), hopefully with less makeup. "I had to go through four hours each day covering the tattoos," he says. "I don't want to go through that anymore." EVAN SERPICK

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER YANG



It's Good To Be King

Tom Petty on growing up as a hippie in redneck Florida, the early days of the Heartbreakers and the stories behind his biggest hits

BY DAVID FRICKE
PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

PETTY'S PALACE

Petty in the Heartbreakers' San Fernando Valley, California, studio



IT'S A STRANGE THING TO SAY OUT LOUD, BUT I felt destined to do this," Tom Petty says in a grainy baritone with a slow Dixie drawl. "From a very young age, I felt this was going to happen to me." ÷ The singer-guitarist and leader of Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers is sitting in the small lounge of a guesthouse at his home in Malibu, California, on a hilltop across the road from the Pacific Ocean. The walls are decorated with Heartbreakers concert posters and, near the front door, a framed charcoal drawing by Petty's friend Bob Dylan. Two rooms away, Petty has a fully rigged studio where he did a lot of work on *The Live Anthology*, a new multi-CD collection of concert performances by Petty and the Heartbreakers, drawn from three decades of roadwork. ÷ "I was lucky: I have had a record deal since I was 23," Petty goes on, between sips of coffee. "It wasn't a lot of money, but it was enough to live. If I hadn't had a way to eat or a place to sleep, maybe I would have gone back," referring to his hometown, Gainesville, Florida, which he left for Los Angeles, and for good, in 1973. "But I wouldn't have quit trying."

The Live Anthology captures that ambition, and Petty's classic-rock roots, in full, with crackling versions of famous Petty songs like "Refugee" and "Breakdown" next to exuberant Bo Diddley, Them and Zombies covers. The set is also Petty's monument to the empathy and devotion of the Heartbreakers, especially guitarist Mike Campbell and keyboard player Benmont Tench, Gainesville natives who have been with Petty since the turn of the Seventies, when they were all in the hippie-garage combo Mudcrutch.

Despite its heft, *The Live Anthology* packs only part of Petty's extraordinary rock & roll life, which he reveals in intimate detail over two days of interviews at his home and at the Heartbreakers' rehearsal space, a warehouse in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley. Petty, who turned 59 on October 20th, is as old as rock & roll itself and has intersected with its prime movers along the way, from his meeting, as a boy in 1961, with Elvis Presley (on the Florida set of *Follow That Dream*) to collaborations, in the Eighties and Nineties, with Bob Dylan, George Harrison and Johnny Cash, among others. Two of Petty's biggest-selling records are the 1988 and 1990 albums by the Traveling Wilburys, the casual supergroup he formed with Harrison, Dylan, Roy Orbison and Jeff Lynne.

Petty knows he has been unique and lucky, to make music with his idols. "I'm glad I didn't make an ass of myself doing it," he says, laughing. Then he walks to the console in his studio and plays tracks from his next album with the Heartbreakers. They are recording in that warehouse, playing everything live with no overdubs, and Petty eagerly shows off the early results, including the electric-R&B charge

of "Jefferson Jericho Blues" and "First Flash of Freedom," a psychedelic storm of steely jangle and biting-harmony guitars.

"I never saw another band where I went, 'Wow, I wish I could be in that band,'" Petty says firmly. "I always thought I was in the best band. And I still feel that way."

What have you learned about yourself as a songwriter from the new live box?

I was amazed at how durable the tunes were. I'm pretty rough on myself, as far as giving a pat on the back. I get nervous, to this day, bringing a song to the band. They're tough. It runs the gamut, from being very quiet, not saying anything. That drives me insane: "Well, what do you think?" Or Benmont can attack. On this new album, he broke bad on me one day. I was trying to show the band this song, basically a 12-bar song with a few changes. He went, "What the fuck? You're better than that!" He let me have it.

What songs have they loved - or hated - right away?

They all liked "Refugee" [on 1979's *Damn the Torpedoes*]. They liked "Spike" [on 1985's *Southern Accents*]. They didn't like anything on [Petty's 1989 solo album] *Full Moon Fever* - "they" meaning everyone but Mike. I remember [bassist] Howie Epstein came to the sessions. I was playing "Free Fallin'," and he said, "I don't like that song." I said, "If you don't like it, you don't have to play on it." "OK, I won't. Bye." That wouldn't have worked as a Heartbreakers album. Benmont didn't like "I Won't Back Down" when he first heard it. And they didn't get [co-producer] Jeff Lynne.

But they're my brothers. It kind of landed in my lap, but they have been my family - the only real family I've had. I look for their approval in the songs. When they give me "Good song," it makes my day.

How would you describe your style of leadership?

I know what the objective is, what we've gotta pull off, which is a lot of the game. Everyone tells me I'm a control freak. Maybe I am. Because I notice all the details. That was a characteristic I developed from having this huge responsibility on my back. If they weren't making enough money, they didn't go to Tony [Dimitriades, the band's longtime manager]. They came to me.

But I'm lucky, because they're so ridiculously good. They have a natural ability to make music, and I trust them so much. Like Mike - there's never been a time when he wasn't giving me back more than I asked him to give me. He even engineered *Full Moon Fever*, because there was no one else there.

How have you changed? On a DVD in the deluxe edition of the live set, you sing "Fooled Again (I Don't Like It)" at a 1979 show. And you look pissed.

Maybe I was. I had an explosive side. It wasn't that easy to set me off. But when it happened, I lost it in a big way. I've learned to control that. But I had a tough childhood and took a lot of abuse. That rage was in me, and when it got away from me, I didn't know how to control it. But I could vent it in this music.

How tough was your childhood?

I had a wonderful mother. She was a very kind, good person. My father was Jerry Lee Lewis if he didn't play the piano. He was scary and violent. He beat the living hell out of me, and there was constant verbal abuse. Looking back on it, he probably was disappointed that I was so drawn to the arts. He probably thought I was gay. I wasn't interested in sports. I didn't know the names of any baseball players. I liked films and books and records. He liked to fish and hunt. He'd drag me on these trips, and it was a nightmare. Shooting something repelled me. My younger brother became a football player right away. He didn't want the same shit.

The music - I was safe there. It was my thing. It rescued me in a big way.

How hard was it to be a longhaired rock & roller in Florida in the early and mid-Sixties? I hate to use the word "redneck"...

It's full of rednecks, no doubt about it. Gainesville is not Miami. It's not palm trees. It's just southern Georgia. There were a lot of bands there, because there were so many places to play: the fraternities, the clubs that catered to college kids, the teen dances. You had to be good. They would boot you out of the way if you weren't. My dad used to own a grocery store in the black part of town. He got out of that business, and that store became a black nightclub called Mom's Kitchen. They had terrific bands.

But I got my ass kicked a lot because of my hair - threatened all the time. I

Senior writer DAVID FRICKE has been contributing to RS since 1977.



So You Want to Be a Rock & Roll Star

"Music rescued me," says Petty, with early band the Epics (1) in 1967. From left: Petty, Rodney Rucker, Dickie Underwood, Ricky Rucker, Tom Leadon. (2) The Heartbreakers - Stan Lynch, Petty, Campbell, Ron Blair and Tench (from left) - formed in 1976. (3) Petty in 1978. (4) With pal and Traveling Wilburys bandmate George Harrison in 1990.

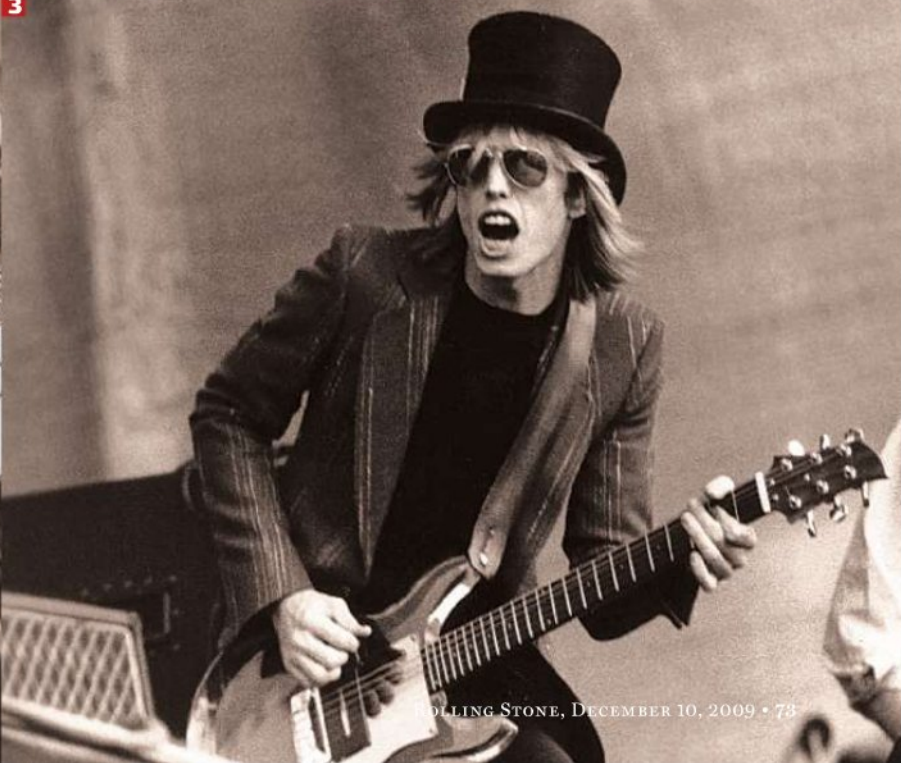
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Petty and Dylan at Great Woods, in Mansfield, Massachusetts, in 1986, when Dylan took the Heartbreakers on the road as his backing band



remember driving on the interstate, pulling into truck stops. Our band would walk in, and the whole room would laugh. Some of them plain-ass wouldn't serve you: "You gotta leave." One time, our van broke down. We pushed it into a gas station, and they made us push it off, just because we looked the way we did. It made you see what black people were going through. It was nowhere as severe, but you sympathized right away.

You quit high school to go on the road, then went back to graduate. Why bother?

The shit I went through – there were probably four or five guys in all of Gainesville with long hair in 1964. I got booted out of school so many times, told to get a haircut before I came back – all that furor if your hair came down over your ears a bit or was kind of thick in the back.

It wasn't my choice to walk away from school. I was hanging around with guys older than me, and I'd skip school to play with them. I kept missing more and more school, and I got busted for it finally. But I went back. I felt like I'd be a real stooge if I didn't at least finish high school. I didn't want to be one of those guys who's just dumb.

What was the first big concert you saw?

The first concert I went to was in 1965. I was in this little band, the Sundowners,

and the drummer's mom drove us to this show in Jacksonville, about 75 miles away. Let me give you the lineup – it was incredible. The show opened with the Premiers, who did "Farmer John." Then Del Shannon came out and Lesley Gore, both backed by the Premiers. Then the Shangri-Las rolled out – [singer] Mary Weiss was the sexiest blonde – and Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs hit the stage with "Wooly Bully" and those turbans.

There was an intermission, and the Zombies came out and fried my brain. The singer, Colin Blunstone, had such an ethereal voice – it was spooky. After them, it was the Searchers. They had those voices that sounded so good, and the 12-string guitar. Then the Beach Boys hit the stage – all in one gig. I found out later that Mike Campbell was there. He worked in Jacksonville, and it was his first concert.

The Allman Brothers Band and Lynyrd Skynyrd were also from Florida. Why didn't you become a Southern-rock guy?

Gregg and Duane Allman were one of the first live bands I ever saw, when they were called the Escorts, doing Beatles songs and wearing collarless jackets. Later I went to a dance in St. Petersburg, when they were the Allman Brothers Band. The first album wasn't out yet. And it was just amazing. Lynyrd Skynyrd

were on live shows with us, in the Mudcrutch days. I saw them more like a heavy English rock band.

We got reactionary to it. Everybody tried to be the Allman Brothers all of a sudden. We said, "We're gonna write shorter songs." We even went up to Macon, Georgia, to Capricorn Records, and brought a tape we'd made. They told us it was too English. That confirmed to me that we're gonna have to go to Los Angeles. Nobody here is gonna get it. The funny thing is, the album we're making now sounds like the Allman Brothers in some respects. It's blues-based, more jam-y music.

How would you describe the Heartbreakers' sound?

We're a garage band. And garage bands were a funny thing then, because you kind of played blues – and didn't. You were playing blues in a way, because you were covering the Rolling Stones and the Animals. When we got older, we tracked down the names on their records, like Jimmy Reed. The Byrds and country music are part of that too, the big spectrum that got mixed into pop in the Sixties. We're good enough as musicians now that we can play all of that music without blushing. Without really trying, we learned a lot of different styles of music – mostly from English people.

You and the Heartbreakers spent a couple of years, in the late Seventies, as a constant opening act. What was it like at the bottom of the bill every night?

We got thrown on whatever was going. I remember we were on the road with the Kinks, and the next thing we knew we were playing with Journey. We went from a few days of that to playing with the J. Geils Band. Then maybe the next gig, Edgar Winter was at the top, we're third, and J. Geils was in the middle. Sometimes we didn't know who we were playing with until we turned up. We got to this gig in Chicago – it was a jazz club. We were on with Tom Scott and the L.A. Express. We walked out – we had these Vox amps – and somebody yelled, "What is this, the Monkees?" That did not go well.

One night with the Doobie Brothers, in Wheeling, West Virginia, was particularly bad. You had to take what you were given as far as stage room and monitors. I was so pissed. We played and went back to the hotel. I called a meeting and said, "We're never opening again. We're just going to

tic, and the record company told me, "They only want fast songs with a guitar break in the middle." I was speechless: "Oh, it doesn't matter what I do."

You probably had a fast song with a guitar break all ready to go.

Yeah. But it wasn't what I thought was the best song. And MTV – I could tell right away that was going to rule out anybody not clever enough to make a video and look good doing it. I adapted. But the audience started to change – I saw people being fed shit and only too happy to eat it.

Let's talk about some hits. Was there a real-life "American Girl"?

There's not a specific girl. I wrote it very quickly. I was living in an apartment [in Los Angeles], and there was a freeway behind it. The first bit of lyric came with these cars going by – it sounded like waves crashing on the beach. I tied that up with Route 441, which was the main drag through Gainesville ["Yeah, she could hear the cars roll by/Out on 441 like waves crashin' on the beach"]. I was creating a girl like I knew in Gainesville, the kind

singing, "I'm standing on the edge of the world." When we cut the record, George Harrison was there. He played and sang on that track. And he goes, "Tom, what the fuck is it with 'standing on the edge of the world'?" I was like, "Oh, busted."

By a Beatle, too.

I went, "Yeah, you're right. That doesn't mean anything." I thought for a minute and went, "How about 'There ain't no easy way out'?" George went, "Much better."

You have worked with and been personally close to legends such as Harrison, Dylan and Johnny Cash. Why do you get along so well with your elders?

The odd thing is, I never sought any of those people out. Every one of them came to me. Obviously, they liked something we did. At times, I think they were looking for some help, like, "I need to put a band together." We had this unit. Bob used to say, "These guys communicate without talking." He liked that.

One thing I had in common with them was when I was 10 or 11, I got into the music of the Fifties. I knew it inside and

"I took a lot of abuse as a kid, and I had an explosive side. Sometimes I didn't know how to control my rage. But I could vent it in my music."

play for whoever comes to see us."

That would have been about when I saw you in Delaware at a club in a strip mall.

That wasn't unusual. You had to work to win people over. It took us many trips to Kansas City and Chicago. We did a show with Elvis Costello very early on. We still laugh about it when we get together. It was Elvis Costello and the Attractions, and us, in a 1,200-seat theater for a buck. And we didn't sell out.

In a sense, you had one of the last great rock & roll upbringings. "The Last DJ" [2002] is your elegy to an era you knew firsthand and most people now can only imagine.

That's something I think about a lot. For so much of my life, I took rock & roll seriously. I wonder if people understand how much that meant. It was a renaissance period – artists were doing their great work. But you took it for granted that it was just going to go on and on. It was sad to see rock & roll shoot itself in the foot. *When did that happen? Do you have a specific date?*

It's all about greed. When people realized there were fortunes to be made with this stuff, it changed. Let's go to radio. Playlists narrowed to only sure things, which inhibited creativity. I remember being stunned, in the mid-Eighties. I had done some song that I thought was fantas-

who knows there's more out there than the cards she's drawn.

Which comes first, words or music?

I've written songs in all kinds of ways, but the best ones are where you get some lyric and melody at the same time. "American Girl" – I'm sure that as I was doing the chords, the words fell into place. "Even the Losers" [on 1979's *Damn the Torpedoes*] is an amazing story. I had written all of it but the chorus. Every time I got there, I drew a blank. This is how bold I was. I said, "Let's cut the song; I'll get those words later." On the first run-through, those were the words that came out: "Even the losers/Get lucky sometime." It fell out of my mouth, a perfect example of working backward to get to the right thing.

"I Won't Back Down," on "Full Moon Fever," is more like a mantra than a song.

That put me off when I wrote it. It's so bare, without any ambiguity. There was nothing there but truth. There was another issue going on, though. Someone had tried to kill me, with the arson at my house. [In 1987, someone set fire to Petty's home in Encino, California.] I took that personally. Surviving something like that makes you feel alive.

That was my mind-set: I will survive, I will move on. It blurted out of my mouth. I changed one thing. There was a line I was

out. When George and I met, that was our common ground. I knew that Gene Vincent album. We would sit and play that stuff. With George, I think his interest in rock waned around 1962 [laughs].

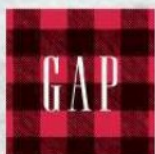
You and the Heartbreakers toured as Dylan's backing band for two years. What did you learn from that experience?

He had a good way of showing us what he wanted with his guitar. He'd say, "It's this kind of rhythm, and here's how the chords go," and everybody would fall in. We might play it for five or 10 minutes, until it took the right shape and he said, "That's the way to do it." He's an encyclopedia of songs. For the Farm Aid show [in 1985], we rehearsed a lot of his songs and a lot of covers. It wasn't a long spot in the show, but we rehearsed so much stuff. We did Smokey Robinson's "The Tears of a Clown." I remember we did "Come Together," by the Beatles. It sounded great. But we never played 'em in the show. It was like, one day, we'd play these songs. And then they'd never come up again.

You hooked up with Dylan as he was coming out of his Christian period and about to start the so-called Never Ending Tour. Could you see any changes?

In his book [*Chronicles, Volume I*], he says he was going through a hard time: "Tom was at the top of his" [Cont. on 101]

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1. Since 2002, Kidrobot has been making twistedly cute toys that are museum-worthy works of art, from its ubiquitous smoking rabbits to limited-edition figures like Jesse Hernandez's **JAGUAR WARRIOR DUNNY** (\$75; kidrobot.com). 2. Made of vintage toasters and custom-painted by a hot-rod detailer, **HOTTIE AMPS** are the coolest guitar amplifiers around (\$279; hottieamps.com). 3. At 1.2 inches, the Samsung **8000 SERIES 8** edge-lit 1080p LED TV is so shockingly thin, you may want to stage an intervention (\$2,300 for 46-inch model; samsung.com). You can click on the YouTube widget when you get bored channel-surfing. 4. The ZVOX **Z-BASE 550** is an all-in-one home-theater system in a 3.5-inch-high cabinet that doubles as a TV stand (\$400; zvoxaudio.com). 5. While the existence of a certain smartphone killer remains a myth, the T-Mobile **MYTOUCH 3G** packs the versatility of an iPhone into a smaller, sleeker handset (\$150 with a two-year contract; t-mobile.com).





1. Warning: Once you pick up the addictively tactile **BUCKYBALLS** from Zoomdoggle, you won't want to put them down. Toy of the year (\$30; getbuckyballs.com). **2.** Apple subtly tweaked the **iPOD NANO** - adding an FM radio, a video cam and an enlarged screen - making an already perfect device even more perfect (\$179 for 16GB; apple.com). **3.** With the Blue Microphones **MIKEY**, your iPod can make high-quality stereo recordings of everything from the staff meeting to a demo of your next hit to a U2 bootleg (\$80; bluemic.com). **4.** About half as thick as the MacBook Air, the Dell **ADAMO XPS** is the rarest commodity in the PC world: an object of desire (\$1,799; dell.com). **5.** Even with a psychedelic riot of color, Gibson's rainbow **SG ZOOT SUIT** guitar retains its distinctive profile and hard-rocking tone (\$1,999; gibson.com).

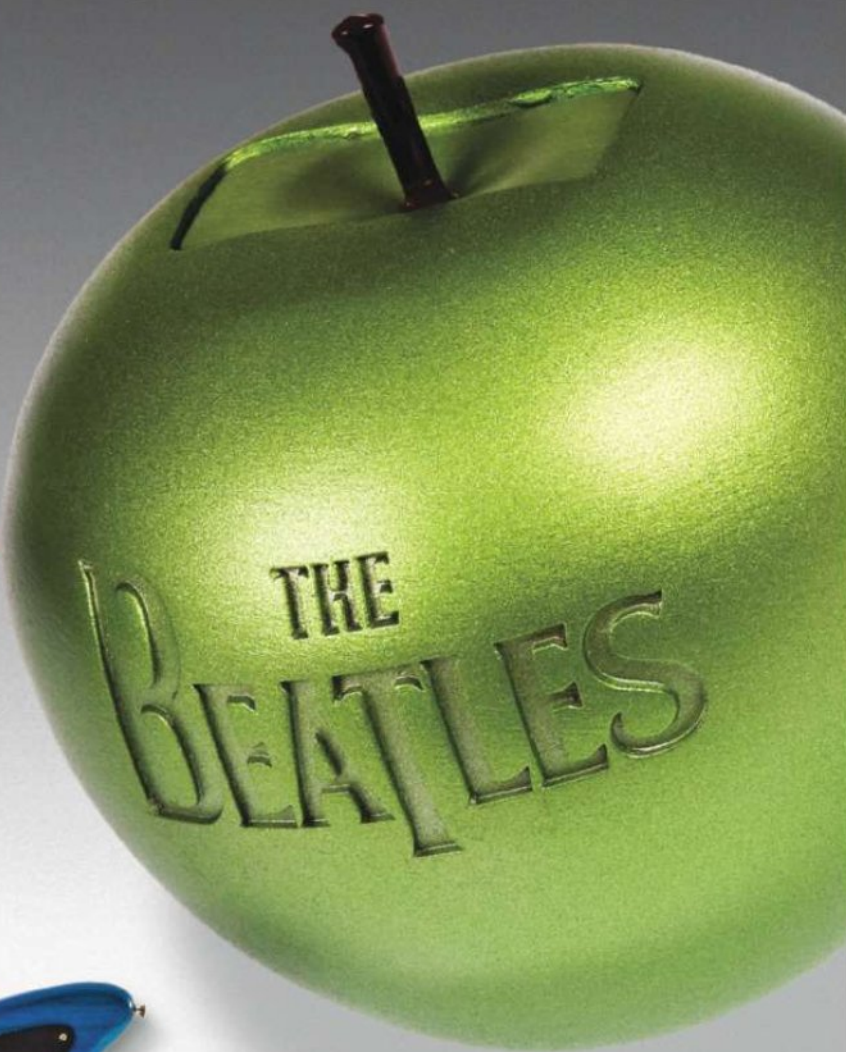
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4. Alabama-based Billy Reid is a high-end fashion designer and alt-country superfan. The limited-edition **BILLY REID MUSIC BOX** collects four of his tees for artists like Old Crow Medicine Show and Patterson Hood (\$295; billyreid.com). **5.** B&W's **ZEPPELIN MINI** combines the booming sound and slick design of the singular Zeppelin iPod dock in a more space- and cost-friendly package (\$400; bowers-wilkins.com).



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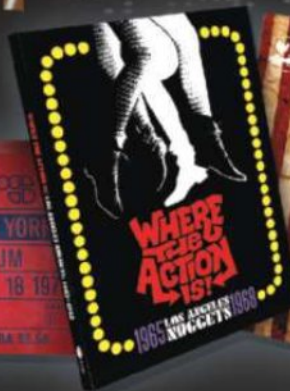
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A photograph of Chris Pine as Captain Kirk, wearing a dark space suit, lying on a snowy, icy surface. He is looking up with a surprised expression. The background is a bright, snowy landscape.

'STAR TREK'
ON ICE Chris
Pine's Kirk
visits a snowy
planet of DVD
surprises.

THE WOW

FACTOR

PETER TRAVERS PICKS THE
TOP 12 DVDS OF 2009
TO ROCK YOUR HOME THEATER

1. Star Trek



GEEK HEAVEN, thy name is the three-disc Blu-ray special edition of *Star Trek*. I won't BS you that the *Star Trek* BD (Blu-ray disc, for the uninitiated) boldly goes where no DVD has gone before. Technical pow is available everywhere these days, even on the crappiest movies (hello, *G.I. Joe*). What's rare is

finding a DVD that kicks ass first as quality entertainment and then as a demo disc to kick out the jams of the video and sound equipment you've busted a wallet to amass at home. The top dozen DVDs on these pages nail it on both counts.

Star Trek, a vibrant reimagining of the 1960s TV show by pop-pop-fizz-fizz director J.J. Abrams, heads my list. Abrams and an ace cast, led by Chris Pine and Zach-

ary Quinto as the young versions of Kirk and Spock, respectively, have crafted the best *Star Trek* movie ever. Not really that hard, since 1982's *The Wrath of Khan* was the only standout among 10 previous films. But Abrams really humps it on the BD, sending out image and sound to make you weep while your home-theater setup gets a workout. The opening space battle that establishes the back story for the franchise rattles and hums like a U2 concert. Equally exceptional is the attention

to fine detail, from Spock's ears to the creation of new aliens on Delta Vega and the green girl Kirk is banging. The *Star Trek* BD puts you right on the bridge of the *Starship Enterprise* with a ticket to ride.

EXTRA PUNCH: Abrams is a master at DVD commentary without the usual horn-blowing. The deleted scenes actually deserve preserving. The making of the soundtrack is a literal blast. We learn why Leonard Nimoy gets to appear in the movie as Spock Prime and William Shatner (Kirk Prime) has to sit it out. And check out the new webcam technology, which offers a 3-D-ish holographic tour of the *Enterprise* itself.

KILLER SCENE: I've got to go with Kirk on the ice planet, especially his snowy encounter with Big Red, a monster that evokes beauty and terror. Of course, just watching the last moment of Nimoy's Spock onscreen is a subtle, lyrical tribute. That's the magical combination that lets the *Star Trek* BD blow your mind without losing touch with your heart.

UP IN THE AIR

Like King Kong on top of the Empire State Building, an old man in a flying house comes under biplane attack.



2. Up



THIS MIRACLE FROM PIXAR DESERVES TO snag an Oscar nomination for Best Picture, which would make it only the second animated feature (after *Beauty and the Beast*) to do so. Bring it on, I say, after watching this gem again on the four-disc Blu-ray Combo Pack. The story about a grumpy codger (voiced by Ed Asner), a chubby kid and a house hoisted by helium balloons is tinged with darkness and pain. You can feel the creativity whooshing through every frame. **EXTRA PUNCH:** Cine-Explore lets directors Pete Docter and Bob Peterson take you through every step of the movie with picture-in-picture displays for each detail they reference. **KILLER SCENE:** The air and jungle action amazes, but I'll take the near-silent prelude that depicts an entire marriage in just a few minutes of pure enchantment.

3. District 9



EVEN WITH A meager budget of \$30 million (chump change for producer and *Rings* lord Peter Jackson), *District 9* delivers the goods. And it looks and sounds like \$30 million more on this two-disc Blu-ray special edition. Jackson and South African writer-director Neill Blomkamp make sure that *District 9* goes whup-ass on your nervous system without forgetting the racist parable at its core. A spaceship stalls over Johannesburg, and it's up to government flunky Wikus (the superb Sharlto Copley) to haul the aliens off to concentration camps that mirror apartheid policies. **EXTRA PUNCH:** Blomkamp's commentary is unusually sharp, and a documentary

on the alien agenda fills in holes regarding South African history. **KILLER SCENE:** Wikus' infection from an alien virus results in a devastating transformation that gives the movie its soul. And Copley, channeling Jeff Goldblum's tour de force in *The Fly*, will haunt dreams.



TAKING SCALPS
Brad Pitt sharpens up to win the war on his terms.

4. Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince



DARKNESS FALLS on the hypnotic sixth installment in the *Potter* franchise. And this two-disc Blu-ray special edition is your ideal guide for a twisty ride into the shadows as Harry (Daniel Radcliffe) is taunted by the blond, bullying Draco Malfoy (a terrific Tom Felton) and faces the loss of a mentor. **EXTRA PUNCH:** Something called "Maximum Movie Mode" creates a nifty interactive experience with the movie and director David Yates. For laughs, try the feature where a cheeky Felton fires questions at his fellow actors. **KILLER SCENE:** Harry on a lake as corpses rise up to stop him from finding the Horcrux, where part of the Dark Lord's soul resides.

5. Public Enemies



THE DIGITAL camerawork, some hand-held, drives a few viewers nuts, causing Michael Mann's landmark gangster film about John Dillinger (Johnny Depp) and the G-man (Christian Bale) who brought him down to be criminally underrated. This two-disc Blu-ray special edition deserves to make converts. To my eyes, the clarity of the images is simply astonishing. **EXTRA PUNCH:** Commentary by Mann, a true American original, giving his reasons.

Crap Movie That Looks and Sounds Pow on Blu-ray: Transformers 2

For cynical, shallow and stupid, you can't beat Decepticon director Michael Bay, who tops himself in all those departments with *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen*. No movie this year hit a bigger box-office jackpot or filled this critic with a greater sense of dread about the future of cinema. But even I must admit that the two-disc special-edition Blu-ray of *Transformers 2* is the swankiest-looking piece of garbage to hit DVD in '09.



EXTRA PUNCH: Bay speaks, but I couldn't listen once he admitted he likes to come to the set "hot." I skipped to the comparisons between Bay's *Transformers* and their original and better cartoon counterparts. **KILLER SCENE:** The big emotional moment between the movie's car-crossed lovers, Shia LaBeouf and Megan Fox. Oh, wait, they didn't have any. But Bay's love for machinery comes through very loud and clear.

6. Inglourious Basterds



QUENTIN TARANTINO TAKES ON the Nazis, along with Brad Pitt and his GI Jews. My jones for the movie amped up watching its gorgeous Blu-ray transfer. **EXTRA PUNCH:** *Nation's Pride*, the propaganda film shown in part to Hitler and his cronies, is seen in its entirety. **KILLER SCENE:** The theater-fire climax is a QT blazer, as is the opener, when a Nazi colonel (an Oscar-ready Christoph Waltz) engages a French farmer in a diabolical game of cat-and-mouse.

The Cream of TV on DVD

What you've been missing on the tube is a DVD bull market

Glee

The spark-plug smash of the new TV season hits DVD with its first 13 episodes, featuring a fresh young cast of high school glee-clubbers taught by Matthew Morrison's Mr. Schue and tormented by cheerleading coach Sue Sylvester (the priceless Jane Lynch). Extra punch comes from cast auditions and musical numbers.



Jon Hamm

Mad Men

Season Two of TV's best show (ask Emmy) out-classes most movies in acting, writing, direction and a luxe production that evokes the style and angst of the 1960s.



GET WITH 'GLEE'
Jenna Ushkowitz, Chris Colfer, Kevin McHale, Amber Riley, Lea Michele (from left).

True Blood

Season One of HBO's vampire series shames *Twilight* on every level. And it's sexy as hell. Anna Paquin hits a personal best as Sookie Stackhouse, a telepathic waitress in love with undead Bill (Stephen Moyer) and obsessed with vamp sheriff Eric (smoldering Alexander Skarsgård). It's a bloody, tasty, scarily addictive dish.

Battlestar Galactica

The complete series - that's four seasons on 25 discs - comes in a bulky mess of a package. But this sci-fi tale, starring Edward James Olmos as Admiral Adama and Mary McDonnell as President Roslin, pits humans against Cylons with such mesmerizing visual force that you may find yourself joining the rabid cult.

KILLER SCENE: The 1934 FBI raid on Dillinger and his gang at Wisconsin's Little Bohemia Lodge with Tommy-gun fire exploding. You'll be cowering.

7. The Taking of Pelham 123



JOHN TRAVOLTA hijacks a subway train. Dispatcher Denzel Washington tries to stop him. Blu-ray makes you feel the speed, dirt and danger in your bones.

EXTRA PUNCH: Sassy commentary from director Tony Scott, until he calls the 1974 original with Walter Matthau "dumb." **KILLER SCENE:** The train hurtling at warp speed.

8. Drag Me to Hell



THE MOST FUN I had at a horror flick this year comes from director Sam Raimi, who returns to his *Evil Dead* roots in this tale of an old gypsy woman putting a curse on the loan officer (Alison Lohman) who forecloses on her home. The Blu-ray

earns extra points for expert sound editing that ups the decibel level of every scream.

EXTRA PUNCH: The "making of" feature almost makes up for the lack of Raimi commentary. **KILLER SCENE:** Watch for the chilling "here, kitty, kitty" moment.

9. Fight Club



THE HOT-BUTTON movie of 1999 gets the Blu-ray treatment at last, and I'm in DVD paradise. Edward

Norton as a work slave and Brad Pitt as his polar opposite hit career peaks. **EXTRA PUNCH:** New commentary from Norton, Pitt and director David Fincher. **KILLER SCENE:** Norton beating himself up in front of his boss - a shocker that cuts to the heart of the film's mystery.

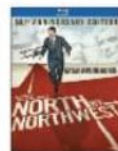
10. Wings of Desire



IS THIS THE most beautiful black-and-white film ever made? The *Wings* Blu-ray from the wizards at Criterion, dispensing

full justice to the artful cinematography of Henri Alekan, builds a strong case for Wim Wenders' 1987 tone poem about angels who watch over Berlin. **EXTRA PUNCH:** Newly recorded Wenders commentary, plus 40 minutes of deleted scenes totally without dialogue. **KILLER SCENE:** Angels on the subway listening to the thoughts of passengers that begin to blend in a symphony of sound.

11. North by Northwest



ALFRED HITCHCOCK debuts on Blu-ray with his 1959 classic about adman Cary Grant on the run. It's never looked better. **EXTRA PUNCH:** Martin Scorsese weighs in. **KILLER SCENE:** Grant alone in a cornfield until a crop-duster appears. Duck.



GUITAR MADNESS
Sonic Blu-ray audio enhances the union of Jack White, Jimmy Page and the Edge.

12. It Might Get Loud



THREE GUYS PLAYING GUITAR. THAT'S ALL. But since they're guitar gods Jimmy Page, the Edge and Jack White, this Blu-ray is indispensable. **EXTRA PUNCH:** An interactive playlist to bookmark your top songs. **KILLER SCENE:** The moment when the three men, visited individually, get onstage together and rock out.

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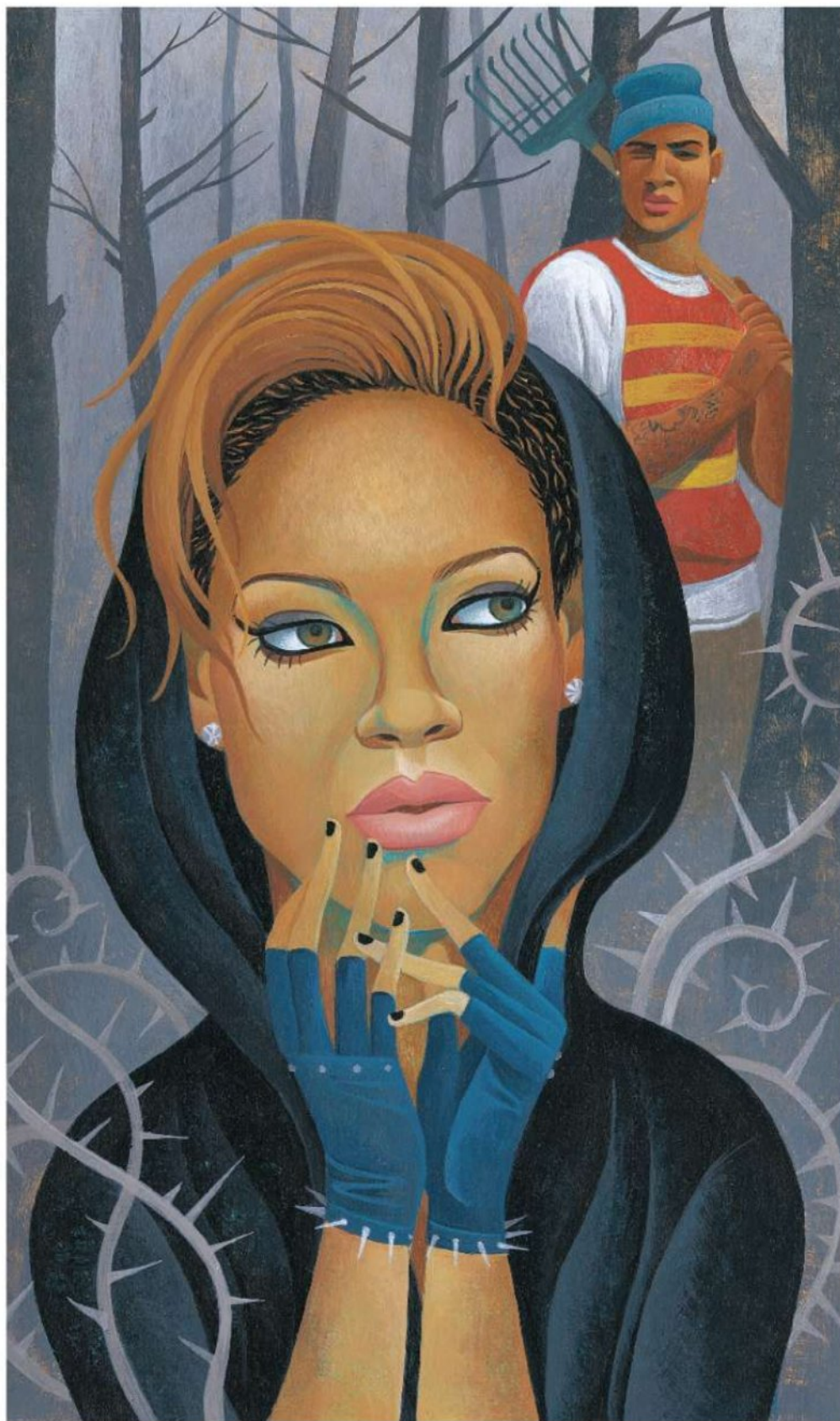
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Reviews

NEW CDS Pg. 88
SINGLES Pg. 90
MOVIES Pg. 99
CHARTS Pg. 106



Rihanna goes into the heart of darkness; Brown changes the subject

Rihanna



★★★★★

Rated R

Island Def Jam

Chris Brown



★★★½

Graffiti

Jive

BY JODY ROSEN

THE COVER OF THE NEW Rihanna album features a severe black-and-white head shot of the star. She has her hand clapped over her right eye; her left eye, surrounded by a raccoon ring of mascara, glares back at the viewer. The context here is no secret: It is impossible to look at those eyes without remembering the images of Rihanna's bruised face in the aftermath of her beating in February by ex-boyfriend Chris Brown. Until recently, the singer has been quiet about the incident. Songs like "Russian Roulette" – a domestic-violence victim's confession whipped into soaring melodrama – tell us why: She was busy saying her piece in the studio.

If by some accident of fate, or maybe record-company cynicism, the new Chris Brown album has arrived at the same moment as his ex's. The results tempt a reviewer to talk in terms of moral victories, but the real triumph here is artistic. Chris Brown has made a bland, occasionally obnoxious, pro forma R&B album. Rihanna has transformed her sound and made one of the best pop records of the year.

Brown mostly ignores the elephant in the room, churning out punchy dance-pop songs full of club-ready beats and Casanova gestures. He gloats about "the cars and the girls and the cribs." He promises ecstasy ("Gonna make you bloom like a flower," he tells the girl in "Take My Time"). There are also lost-love ballads, delivered by Brown in his nasal wisp of a singing voice. But as unfair as it sounds, the Rihanna incident has made it impossible to hear him in the same way; the sweetness that animated songs like 2008's "Forever" is now a hard sell.

With Rihanna, singing has never been in doubt. The question has always been personality: Is there a flesh-and-blood woman lurking beneath the big voice and model looks? On *Rated R*, she answers the question emphatically. There are a couple of engaging up-tempo tunes. (The StarGate-produced "Rude Boy" is smutty fun, with a Caribbean bounce.) But this is an album with a grim theme: love gone horribly wrong. "What you did to me was a crime," Rihanna sings in the slow-boiling "Cold Case Love." Elsewhere, she is bent on vengeance. "I lick the gun when I'm done," she cries in "G4L," "because I know that revenge is sweet." The songs are etched in somber shades and minor chords, with Rihanna belting over synths and booming beats. The results are a musical match for the black-on-black CD cover – goth R&B.

No single song approaches the grandeur of Rihanna's 2007 megahit, "Umbrella." But even the most sprawling power ballads here have an intimate quality. In the plaintive "Stupid in Love," Rihanna turns the blame inward. "My new nickname is 'You Idiot' . . . /That's what my friends are calling me when they see me yelling into my phone." Such introspection is evidently beyond Brown. On "Lucky Me," he turns his troubles into an occasion for self-congratulation: "Even when my world's falling down/I still wear a smile." A simple sorry might have made a better song – or at least made Brown a better guy.

Key Tracks: "Russian Roulette," "Sing Like Me"

In the Great Wide Open

A new box set captures the freewheeling power of the Heartbreakers live

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers ★★★★★½

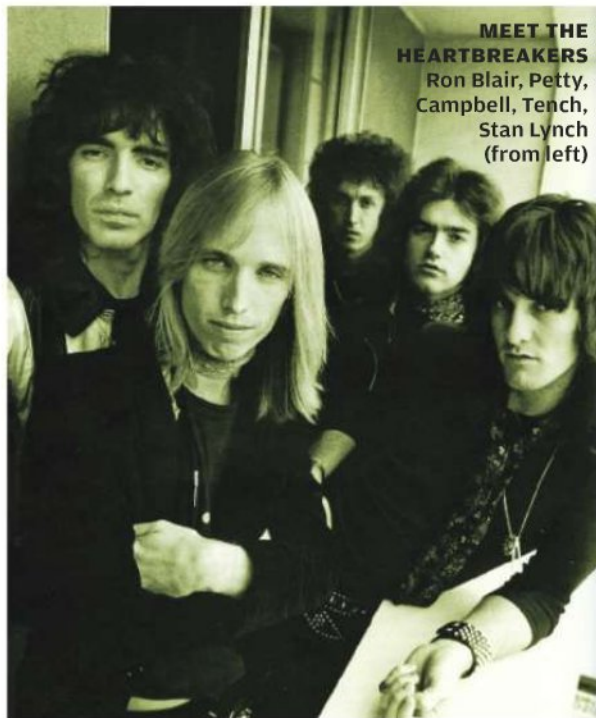
The Live Anthology Reprise **REISSUE**



TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS' ONLY previous live album, 1986's *Pack Up the Plantation*, was a stone bore: The note-for-note versions of "Refugee" and "American Girl" didn't come close to capturing the excitement of a Petty show. *The Live Anthology* redresses that wrong with a panoramic picture of the Heartbreakers' indestructible groove. Powerhouse versions of "Even the Losers" and "Here Comes My Girl" – stretching from as far back as 1980 – show off the band's muscular snap. Guitarist Mike Campbell chimes his way through "The Waiting," gives a Keith Richards twang to "Louisiana Rain," and with keyboardist Benmont Tench helps prop up weaker songs like "My Life/Your World." But it's the covers that make this four-disc collection interesting to more than Petty completists: The Grateful Dead's "Friend of the Devil" gets a down-home charge; "Diddy Wah Diddy" is a slinky winner; grooving instrumentals like Booker T. and the MG's "Green Onions" and the James Bond *Goldfinger* theme (from a 1997 Fillmore show) display the band's range; and a hungry take on Fleetwood Mac's blues-era "Oh Well" (from the 2006 Bonnaroo festival) show the Heartbreakers' roots. And if you are a Petty completist, you'll have a wealth of choices: The collection comes in four other configurations, including a massive deluxe edition, which adds a fifth disc of music, two DVDs (a documentary and late-Seventies concert) and other fanboy bonuses.

MARK KEMP

Key Tracks: "Refugee," "Melinda," "Diddy Wah Diddy"



R. Kelly ★★★★★½

Untitled *Jive*

Kelly shows why he's still the master of the romp-on-wax



AT THIS LATE date in history, listening to R. Kelly document his busy sex life is like listening to an old jazzman run through standards – it's exactly what you expect, but when he's inspired it's well worth your time. One of his horniest albums yet (!), Kelly's 10th gets ridiculous fast, like on "Pregnant," where he turns the line "Girl, you make me wanna get you pregnant" into a lubricious refrain. Kelly's studio skills and uncommon tune sense come through on cuts like "Exit" – his warm, high-pitched melodies spin skyward over a bright piano – and "Text Me" ("Text me back somethin' freaky/Let me know just how you wanna do me"). One nice touch: Kelly is getting unselfish in his middle age (see "Go Low," an ode to cunnilingus). CHRISTIAN HOARD

Key Tracks: "Go Low," "Exit," "Like I Do"

Blakroc ★★★★★½

Blakroc *Blakroc*

A rap-rock album with the blues in its veins



THE BEST THING about this rap-rock project is its relative simplicity: Ludacris, Jim Jones and other MCs rhyme over spare, chunky beats by Ohio neo-blues duo the Black Keys. *Blakroc* doesn't spend much time dousing strippers with Cristal: On "Hard Times," newcomer NOE raps about broke folks over head-nodding funk and a soul chorus. The album, which was partly spearheaded by Keys fan Damon Dash, is strongest at its darkest – see "On the Vista," where the Keys deliver feathery guitar spills while Mos Def sings eerily about "total control." Unlike many similar projects, this one doesn't seem overly impressed with its own novelty. A good thing. C.H.

Key Tracks: "Hard Times," "On the Vista"

Tom Waits

★★★★½

Glitter and Doom Live
Anti-

Latter-day Waits songs,
plus a disc of stage banter!



DIRECTOR
Terry Gilliam recently cast Tom Waits as Satan; what

better role for this seductively jive-talking fallen angel? Waits' second live retrospective plumbs his later LPs, especially 1992's *Bone Machine* and 2004's *Real Gone*; it misses classics like "Time" but shows off a deep *oeuvre* and a brassy, mischievous sextet – see "Metropolitan Glide," which fleshes out its James Brown allusions with skewed, JB-style horn stabs. The bonus CD is a 35-minute quilt of Waits' between-song rambling, a mix of bar-stool surrealism and Ripley's Believe It or Not! ephemera so bizarrely engaging you almost don't miss the music. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: "Metropolitan Glide," "Fannin Street"

Sean Lennon

★★★★½

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are
Undead *Chimera*

Lush 1960s-style score for
a low-budget vampire flick



SEAN LENNON evades the famous-last-name trap by staying in motion and working the spotlight's margin. *Rosencrantz* is the mainly instrumental soundtrack to an indie vampire film by pal Jordan Galland. Lennon conjures 1960s art-film sounds: One tune has a Nino Rota carnival bounce; elsewhere, synths and choral vocals set the mood. It wraps with futuristic rhymes by Kool Keith, a man clearly planning for Dracula-style eternal life. **W.H.**

Key Tracks: "Title Theme," "Desire"

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Them Crooked Vultures

Them Crooked Vultures *DGC/Interscope*
Willfully weird, satisfyingly slapdash, monstrously loud: Dave Grohl, Josh Homme and John Paul Jones go in for a hard-rock supersession and summon the spirit of Zep.

Lil Wayne

No Ceilings *Mixtape*
Wayne's long-delayed disc *Rebirth* is back on schedule for December, but who cares when he's making mixtapes this cool? Highlights: blazing takes on Jay-Z's "Run This Town" and Black Eyed Peas' "I Gotta Feeling."

Dave Rawlings Machine

A Friend of a Friend *Acony*
Gillian Welch's partner steps out on his own, with old-timey atmospherics and songcraft as timeless as the Delta blues.

Lady Gaga

★★★★½

The Fame Monster
Interscope

Eight new songs keep
Gaga's stylists busy



GAGA IS including locks of hair from her wigs in the deluxe reissue of 2008's *The Fame*. It's the Warhol-y thing to do. But she covers her conceptual bets by rolling out sturdy club-thumpers, and this eight-song EP (included in the reissue and sold separately) is largely on point. "Bad Romance" makes her name a Teutonic chant; "Alejandro" is a loving Abba spoof. Half the disc is Madonna knock-offs, but that's part of the concept – fame monsters needn't concern themselves with originality. **JON DOLAN**

Key Tracks: "Telephone," "Bad Romance"

50 Cent

Before I Self Destruct
Shady/Aftermath/Interscope

Fiddy shows he can still
flex, tattoos or no



THE TED NUGENT of hip-hop seems to have reached his *Little Miss*

Dangerous phase. On Fiddy's fourth album, the muscle-bound-warrior routine is the only one he trusts, so he keeps milking it. He's still got the knack in the superb Dre production "Death to My Enemies," baiting Lil Wayne over a stand-up bass: "This ain't the Carter/Nigga, this is Sparta/It's harder." He crowds the guest list with Eminem (Octomom jokes? So last January!), R. Kelly and Ne-Yo, while threatening Young Buck and the Game in "So Disrespectful." This is an album where "Got more guns than a gun store" passes for wordplay – but that's how 50 sticks to basics. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Key Tracks: "Death to My Enemies," "So Disrespectful"

Say Anything

★★★★

Say Anything *RCA*

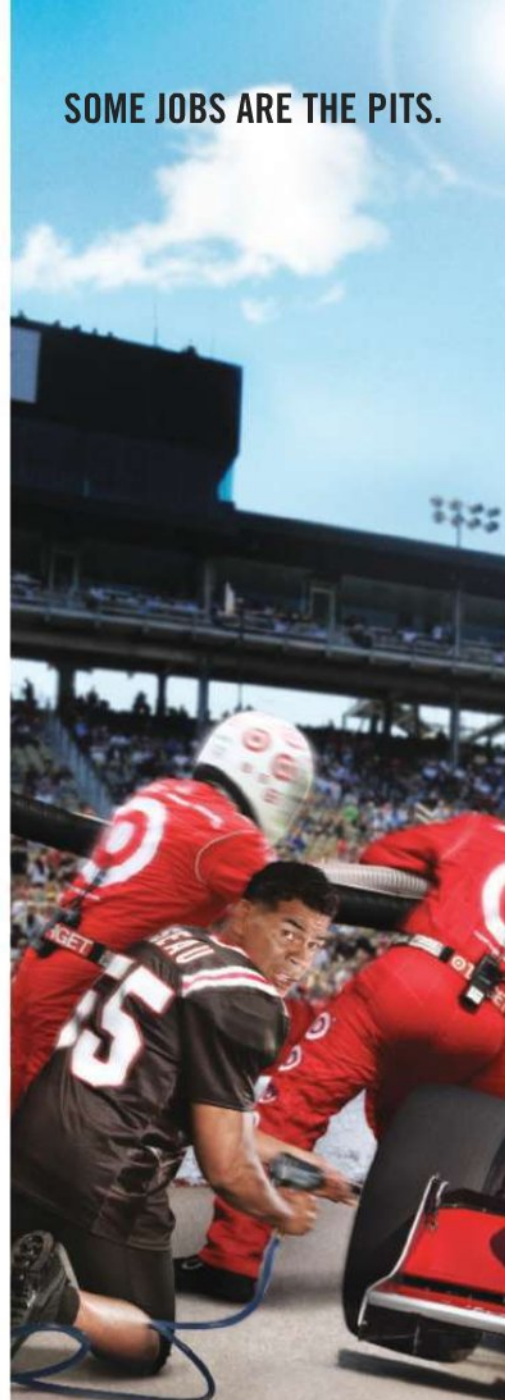
The most ambitious band
in emo right now



EMO HAS been with us for decades, but it's taken until now for someone to rhyme "dyslexia" and "manorexia." That someone is Max Bemis of Say Anything, a band that expands emo's sonic scope while cranking the oversharing to hilarious levels: "Never mind how my taste reflects a disturbing Oedipal complex," Bemis tells a lucky lady over beeps and acoustic guitars. There's sax and doo-wop here, but Bemis is at his best yelling stuff like "I can't define myself through irony... and self-deprecation!" over taut punk pop. **J.D.**

Key Tracks: "Mara and Me," "Crush'd"

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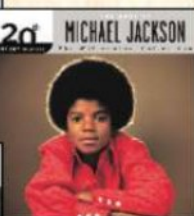
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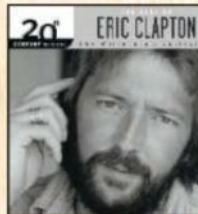
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REVIEWS MUSIC

Real Estate

★★★★½

Real Estate *Woodsist*

The best indie-rock surf band in New Jersey



WITH TITLES like "Atlantic City" and "Let's Rock the Beach,"

it's not hard to tell where these Garden State guitar pastoralists are coming from. Real Estate play lush, ambient surf rock that reimagines the Beach Boys' "Kokomo" as a Yo La Tengo dronefest. "Fake Blues" floats a bright jangle over an aftershock from a Dick Dale rumble, "Black Lake" has an airy Hawaiian slack key vibe and "Suburban Beverage" is a whirlpool of sun-dazed murk. Singer Martin Courtney's mumble is barely audible, and it all sounds like it was recorded on a boombox in someone's mom's pool house, but the band gets a lot of mileage from a silvery sunbeam of inspiration.

JON DOLAN

Key Tracks: "Black Lake," "Fake Blues"

Justin Bieber

★★★★

My World *Island Def Jam*

A teen-pop hurricane forms to the north



NO MAN ALIVE – well, no 15-year-old Canadian – makes ladies

squeal like Justin Bieber. He's 65 inches of pure love panther, with sensitive-man bangs and a voice like Joey McIntyre getting savagely beaten by the Auto-Tune police. On the jazzy "P.Y.T." rip "Bigger," the Bieb confesses, "I was a playa when I was little" – playa of what, *Pokémon Battle Revolution*? But who could deny "First Dance," where Usher drops Justin at the prom so he and his Bieblette can get to "rockin' back and forth under the disco ball?"

ROB SHEFFIELD

Key Tracks: "First Dance," "Bigger," "Love Me"

TOP SINGLES



Feist and Beck

Beck

★★★★½

"Little Hands"

beck.com

Ten years ago, Beck paid his first respects to *Oar* – the 1969 solo album by Moby Grape singer-guitarist Alexander "Skip" Spence – by covering

"Halo of Gold" on the tribute compilation, *More Oar*. This version of "Little Hands," *Oar*'s opening happiness prayer, is the first installment of Beck's remake of the entire LP, with guests Wilco and Feist, for his online Record Club. Beck's vocal is an eerie double of Spence's jaunty-ghost delivery, and the arrangement stays close to Spence's original echo-laden strum and rhythmic wobble. But the warmth of Beck's performance reflects his love of Spence's final rock & roll testament. (Spence, who died in 1999, never made another album.) Stay tuned to find out how Beck wrestles with the loony "Lawrence of Euphoria" and the tribal drama of "Grey/Afro."

DAVID FRICKE

Solange Knowles

★★★★½

"Stillness Is the Move"

Leaked

First she takes big sis Beyoncé and Jay-Z to a Grizzly Bear gig; now Solange Knowles drops a brilliant mash-up of Dirty Projectors' excellent R&B *manqué* and the sublime bass-line melody of Isaac Hayes' "Bumpy's Lament." Indie kids, grind those hips. Projectors, we await your version of "Fuck the Industry (Signed Sincerely)."

WILL HERMES

Les Savy Fav

★★★★½

"Shoes"

YouTube

The Brooklyn indie savages have made a lot of mindfuck moves in their time, but they top themselves with this ode to quality footwear, from the kiddie-TV show *Yo Gabba Gabba!* "Shoooooes!" Tim Harrington chants. "Shiny and clean! They're my favorite color – green!" It's the trippiest kid stuff since *Lidsville*.

R.S.

Jamie Foxx feat. Gucci Mane

★★★★½

"Speak French"

All major services

"I don't speak French, but I'll tongue you down" – what's not to like about that? Foxx might as well be singing backup on this freakazoid club jam: Gucci Mane hijacks the track with lines like "I walk in the club, husbands get nervous."

N.B.

Surfer Blood

★★★★½

"Swim (To Reach the End)"

myspace.com/surferblood

These Florida guitar boys know how to rustle up a good time, looking for kicks in their nowhere town. They offer Pavement-style guitar clang, a bit of glockenspiel and tambourine, and a miserable dude trying to talk himself into leaving the house on a lousy day.

R.S.

OneRepublic

★★★★

"Good Life"

All major services

OneRepublic singer-producer Ryan Tedder wakes up far away from L.A., in London ("near Piccadilly") with a cellphone full of "new names and numbers that I don't know." More troubling: The hook on this midtempo strummy number is pretty meek.

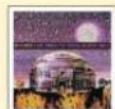
NATHAN BRACKETT

DVDS



KILLING FLOOR
Brandon Flowers
testifies at the
Albert Hall.

The Killers: Live From the Royal Albert Hall ★★★★★ *Island*



The Killers have become a great live band, and this DVD-CD package - featuring pumped-up versions of their greatest tunes, and kinetic camerawork - is proof. Brandon Flowers doesn't sing; he testifies, and his

fans' singalong enthusiasm during "Human" and other hits rivals his own. **BARRY WALTERS**

Spectacle: Elvis Costello With... Season One ★★★★★ *VSC*



On Costello's Sundance Channel talk show, the conversations focus on the creative process - you might find Smokey Robinson shedding light on Marvin Gaye in the studio - and duets with guests take old songs in new directions. One highlight: Lou Reed turns "Perfect Day" into a melancholy cabaret number. **B.W.**

Genesis: The Movie Box ★★★★★ *Rhino*



This collection of four concert films captures the British band's stadium-packing commercial peak in the Eighties and early Nineties. Things go downhill with 1984's Mama Tour, as Phil Collins' growing confidence as a frontman morphs into unflattering cockiness, and the band descends into razzle-dazzle adult pop. **B.W.**

BOOTLEG

Roger Daltrey November 13th, 2009 Borgata Hotel Casino and Spa, Atlantic City

In November, an Atlantic City casino was the place to hear deep Who tracks: "This is a show of songs that I love, and many we haven't done for years," said Daltrey as he kicked things off, uttering words of sweet relief to Who fans who have been enduring more or less the same set list since 1973. Free of the gigantic arena crowds,

Daltrey delivered full-throated versions of "I Can See for Miles," "Young Man Blues" and "Pictures of Lily." The musicians behind him (led by Pete Townshend's brother Simon) rarely sounded better than a superpro cover band, and the handful of Daltrey solo tracks slowed things down. But it was worth it to hear Daltrey pull out a mandolin and strum a tender version of the *Who* by Numbers nugget "Blue Red and Grey." **ANDY GREENE**

Animal Collective ★★★

Fall Be Kind (EP) *Domino*

Psych warriors spread the fuzz, sample the Dead



AT THEIR best, Animal Collective combine

shapely pop hooks with mind-broadening sonic freakery. At their worst, the sonic freakery is mind-numbing. Like most of their work, this five-song EP contains all of the above: The opening "Graze" sutures together meandering synths and a perky Afropop-style chorale, to no end; "Bleed" is a sub-Enya New Age snoozefest. But then there's "What Would I Want? Sky," a gorgeous, ear-tingling wash of polyphonic vocals, including a snippet of the Grateful Dead's "Unbroken Chain," the first sample the Dead have ever licensed. Wanted in Brooklyn: a ruthless editor. **JODY ROSEN**

Key Track: "What Would I Want? Sky"

Various Artists

★★★★★ *REISSUE*

Forge Your Own Chains: Heavy Psychedelic Ballads and Dirges 1968-1974 *Now-Again*

Freak-rock flashbacks, from all over the globe



"GOT TO TRY to improve your brain," warns born-again Connecticut crooner D.R.

Hooker on the title track. But, dude, haywire brains are what make this freak-rock compilation so awesome! Top Drawer's "Song of a Sinner" pairs sweet vocals with a nine-circles-of-hell electric-guitar trip; the Sensational Saints do a Farfisa-fueled gospel burner; and psych-rock acts from Nigeria to Iran demonstrate the global power of hippie vibes. **W.H.**

Key Tracks: "Forge Your Own Chains," "It's Not Easy"

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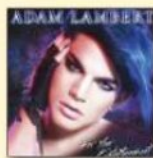
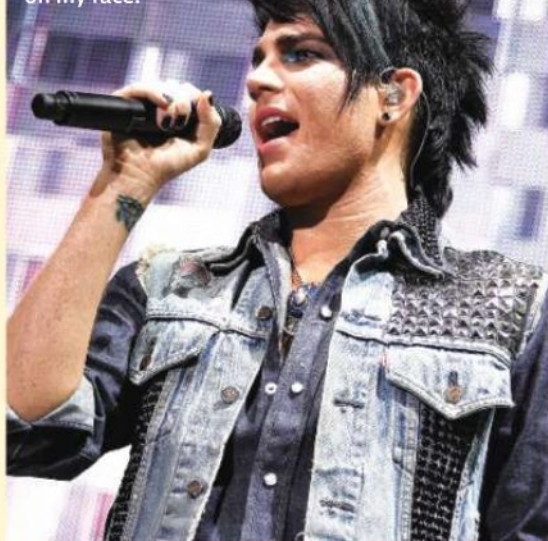
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UPDATE: IDOLS

STAR CHILD

Lambert was
"born with glitter
on my face."



Adam Lambert ★★★

For Your Entertainment 19/RCA

"I was born with glitter on my face/My baby clothes made of leather and lace," crows Adam Lambert. The *American Idol* runner-up is on a mission to revive the

camp theatricality of glam, one lip-liner stroke and upper-register operatic shriek at a time. His debut corrals A-list pop songwriters and producers to supply power-chord pomp ("Music Again," written by fellow Queen worshipper Justin Hawkins of the Darkness), wind-swept Orientalist arias ("Soaked") and other showcases for Lambert's amazing vocal instrument. The songs sound great but feel strangely stuffy - *Entertainment* seems like a disc that was overthought. Next time, the hugely talented Lambert should make sure he's going straight for the gut. **JODY ROSEN**



Kris Allen ★★

Kris Allen 19/Jive

Most *American Idol* contestant albums have a couple of above-average-to-great singles, and a lot of filler; not so with Kris Allen. The 2009 *Idol* winner's debut - produced by Mike Elizondo, Salaam Remi and other ringers - is the definition of "not bad": Songs like "Can't Stay Away" and "Before We Come Undone" make no mistakes but are utterly forgettable. The highs on uptempo single "Live Like We're Dying" are heartfelt, but you can't help thinking the track's title is a cruel joke; most of the time Allen's radio-friendly tenor just sounds like it's on autopilot. The likability that helped Allen win last season is so carefully low-key here that it's nearly lost. **BARRY WALTERS**



Allison Iraheta ★★½

Just Like You 19/Jive

This magenta-haired *American Idol* veteran swaggers like a teenage Pink on her debut: Her overlooked single "Friday I'll Be Over U" is Scandinavian-designed punk-pop perfection, and "Robot Love" turns Gary Glitter's "Rock and Roll Part 2" riff into something fresh. But on ballads like "Scars," Iraheta sounds so much like Pink that it's distracting. More disturbing are some of the lyrics: "Beat Me Up" takes the S&M theme of Britney's "...Baby One More Time" into domestic-violence territory. **B.W.**

Kid Sister

★★★★½

Ultraviolet *Downtown*

Kanye protégée goes deeper into club-hop



SO WHY DID Chicago rapper Kid Sister, 29, tinker with her

debut for so long? For one, she has a split allegiance to club-pop and hip-hop. This overhaul of last year's leaked *Dream Date* makes things more clubby with new tracks: a stuttering Swedish House Mafia banger that might send Lady Gaga to remedial rhyme school ("Right Hand Hi"), a riff on Yazoo's 1982 synth-pop hit "Don't Go" ("Big n Bad") and a Euro-poppy soul jam with Cee-Lo ("Daydreaming"). Like her breakthrough with mentor Kanye West ("Pro Nails"), they're testaments to hip-hop/club fusion - an old-school idea that this Kid gives the 21st-century treatment. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: "Pro Nails," "Right Hand Hi"

Ray Davies

★★★★

The Kinks Choral

Collection *Decca*

Kinks singer successfully collides rock and classical



AN ELEGIAC quality deepens many of the Kinks' most enduring songs, from "See My Friends" to "Celluloid Heroes." Frontman Ray Davies reaffirms his belief in faded beauty with a newly recorded collection of classics rearranged for London's Crouch End Festival Chorus. At 65, Davies remains in remarkable voice, and although the horndog frenzy of "You Really Got Me" isn't best served by a churchlike choir, ballads such as "Waterloo Sunset" frame him flatteringly with gorgeous harmonies. **B.W.**

Key Tracks: "Waterloo Sunset," "Celluloid Heroes"

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FRICKE'S PICKS

By David Fricke

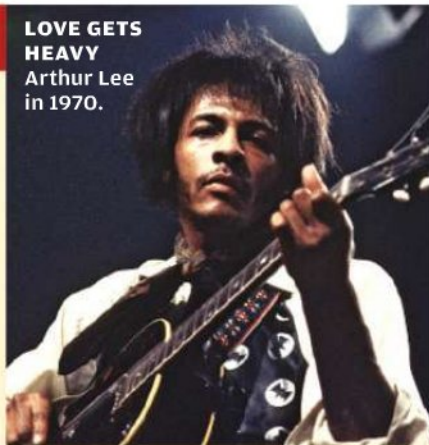
Lost Love Returns

The long wilderness years of **Arthur Lee**, the mercurial singer-songwriter-commander of the Los Angeles band **Love**, began with an abandoned 1971 LP for Columbia, now resurrected on *Love Lost* (Sundazed). By then, Lee was four years and several Love lineups away from the dark orchestral magic of 1967's *Forever Changes*. The full-band tracks here are heavy serrated-guitar rock (this is the Love I saw at a late-1970 Fillmore East show), and Lee's writing is aggressively blunt in "Everybody's Gotta Live" (re-cut for his 1974 solo debut, *Vindicator*) and "Product of the Times." But there is a fighting magnetism in the music and Lee's voice. He sings with fierce engagement even on acoustic demos like "Sad Song." Lee slipped in and out of sight after this, until the end-of-the-century Love revival. But it is clear here that even on the eve of exile, Lee had much Love to give.

A Blues Wake

In August, three days after the death of producer **Jim Dickinson** at age 67, his son Luther, guitarist in the Black Crowes and the North Mississippi Allstars, organized the ideal wake: *Onward and Upward* (Memphis International), an acoustic session with Jim's friends and cohorts, including Sid Selvidge and Jimmy Crosthwait, singing and picking blues and gospel chestnuts as **Luther Dickinson and the Sons of**

LOVE GETS HEAVY
Arthur Lee
in 1970.



Mudboy (a reference to Jim's notorious band Mudboy and the Neutrons). Jim would have loved the rough edges, determined joy and especially Luther's solo original, "Let It Roll," written that day and performed like it came straight from a Son House Paramount-label 78.

Harvey Scales' Funk

Two of my favorite supersoul tracks of 1967 came on the same single by Wisconsin's **Harvey Scales and the Seven Sounds**: "Get Down," a high-speed-James Brown blast that got to Number 79 in *Billboard*, and its hot-ardor flip, "Love-Itis," later covered by the J. Geils Band. *Love-Itis* (Soul-Tay-Shus) has 'em both with a dance party's worth of obscure pulverizing follow-ups, including "Broadway Freeze," "Trackdown," "The Yolk" and the improbably wicked "Funky Football."

Elvis Perkins in Dearland

★★★★½

The Doomsday EP *XL*

Rock traditionalist fights off his demons



ELVIS PERKINS' first two records were informed by his rough biography: His father, actor Anthony Perkins, died of complications from AIDS, and his mother died on 9/11. This EP opens with a New Orleans stomp about that "Doomsday" Tuesday and ends with a funereal remake. There's also an Appalachian folk dirge about a too-soon marriage and a roadhouse scorcher for a world on fire. *Doomsday* is brutally emotional, but Perkins' band adds a sense of defiance, making it safe for closing time. **JON DOLAN**

Key Tracks: "Slow Doomsday," "Stop Drop Rock and Roll"

Birdman ★★

Priceless *Universal Motown*

Lil Wayne's mentor has more money than rhymes



CASH MONEY label founder Bryan "Birdman" Williams is as well-known for slinging cash—he once gave Lil Wayne \$1 million on his birthday—as he is for rhyming. The NoLa native's fourth solo disc is the rap equivalent of Scrooge McDuck swimming around in gold coins, with Birdman using his don't-give-a-fuck drawl to brag about the Benz he bought his lady on the nicely dirty "Money Machine." But the title track finds Timbaland delivering a subpar beat, and the cameos by Wayne can't save *Priceless* from feeling ho-hum. **CHRISTIAN HOARD**

Key Tracks: "Money Machine," "Always Strapped Remix"

The Bravery

★★★½

Stir the Blood *Island*

New Wave obsessives show their manly side



ON 2007's *The Sun and the Moon*, neo-New Wavers the Bravery took a shot at guitar-oriented meaningfulness. They're back in synth-and-eyeliner country here, working Duran-Psych Furs-J&MC pantomimes with a dedication so complete you could almost mistake it for invention. But frontman Sam Endicott subverts OK songs by breaking from synth pop's vaunted girly-boy tradition and lamely playing a macho-rock stud on songs like "She's So Bendable." Fine as hacks, they're somewhat less fine as humans. **J.D.**

Key Tracks: "Slow Poison," "The Spectator"

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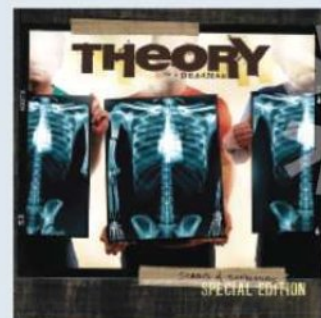
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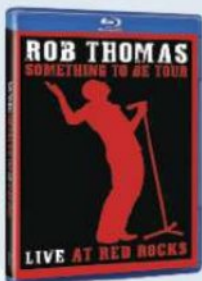
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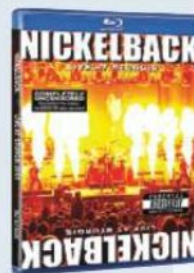
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FLIGHT PLAN
George Clooney goes up in the air while the economy is in free fall.

Road Warrior

George Clooney fires up a killer comedy about America the broken

Up in the Air

★★★★½

George Clooney, Vera Farmiga, Anna Kendrick

Directed by Jason Reitman

PEOPLE I MEET ALWAYS ASK if there is something wonderful to see at the movies. Now I have an answer. See *Up in the Air*, a transporting comedy from slump-resistant director Jason Reitman (*Thank You for Smoking*, *Juno*) that jet-fuels the Oscar race, rattles with romantic turbulence, rumbles with the terror of living in a cratering economy and takes a never-better George Clooney on the ride of his acting life.

Clooney plays career-transition counselor Ryan Bingham. His job is to fire you from your job. Ryan has a sterile apartment in Omaha, Nebraska. But he's rarely there. For 322 days a year, he's in and out of airports, stopping only to whack work slaves whose bosses don't have the stomach for it. Ryan looks you in the eye, shakes your hand and claims being canned isn't a tragedy, it's an opportunity.



Up in the Air is a defining movie for these perilous times. The firing scenes only hurt when you laugh, which is constantly. The reactions of Zach Galifianakis and J.K. Simmons when the ax falls are priceless. But Reitman also uses non-actors, playing versions of their own stories, who help make this the best and boldest American comedy of the year.

All praise to Clooney, who uses humor as a portal to a deeper, darker place. This is star acting of a high order, and Clooney makes it look easy, which is why he's as good as it gets. Clooney's eyes reflect Ryan's avidity for hotels, cars and reaching his goal of 10 million frequent-flier miles. Ryan

even lectures about keeping your life down to what you can fit in one backpack. This sprinting champ of airport check-in can measure his physical and emotional baggage in ounces. As he says, "The slower we move, the faster we die."

So far, the film follows the map laid out by Walter Kirn in his 2001 novel, an astringent song of the open road. But in working with co-scripter Sheldon Turner in the years since, Reitman has let hard times and his own transition from single life to marriage and fatherhood seep into the script. The change starts by putting two women into Ryan's path.

Alex (Vera Farmiga) is an executive who shares his travel routine and his jones for elite status. "I'm you with a vagina," she teases. They jump into bed and a close call with commitment. Whether her films are indie (*Down to the Bone*) or mainstream (*The Departed*), Farmiga is a major talent.

But this is her breakout performance. She's combustibly smart and sexy, and her sparring with Clooney is classic.

Natalie (Anna Kendrick), who dismisses Ryan as "old," is a 23-year-old firebrand out of Cornell hired by Ryan's boss (Jason Bateman, making slime so tasty you hunger for more) to lay off workers more efficiently: by computer. That's when Ryan takes her on the road to prove her wrong. Kendrick (Bella's perky bud in the *Twilight* series) is a revelation. Watching her lose her fiancé and her tightly held control is hilarious and heartbreaking.

Ryan travels light, but Reitman's movie aches for human connection. In a major shift, Ryan breaks his routine to attend the wedding of his sister (Melanie Lynskey) to a reluctant groom (Danny McBride). It's Ryan who sells him on marriage without really selling himself on the message that "Everyone needs a co-pilot." The movie is rightly ambiguous about what Ryan needs. Reitman is incisively funny at showing the work force getting its options squeezed. But no way is he kidding. And no way does this movie — his finest yet — take the easy way out. One-word reaction: bravo.

New Moon ★★

Robert Pattinson, Kristen Stewart, Taylor Lautner
Directed by Chris Weitz

SWOONING TWEENS OF ALL ages and sexes will work themselves into a lather deciding whether to join Team Edward (that's sometimes-shirtless vampire Edward Cullen, played by Robert Pattinson) or Team Jacob (that's perpetually shirtless werewolf Jacob Black, played by Taylor Lautner). Sign me up for Team Confused, since this is now the second film in Stephenie Meyer's four-book *Twilight* saga that fails to ignite the flame of Meyer's overheated prose.

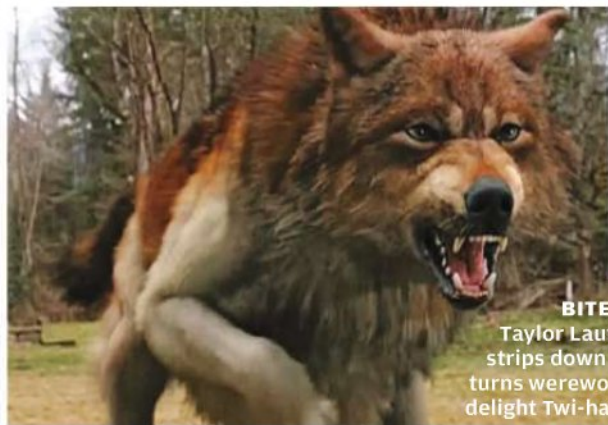
Catherine Hardwicke, who directed the first film, better caught the virginal yearning in Bella Swan (Kristen Stewart), the high school girl torn between both monsters. Chris Weitz, the director of *New Moon*, pumps up the action as Jacob turns into an unconvincing digital wolf. I can't comment on the acting because I didn't catch Pattinson, Stewart and Lautner doing any. They basically primp and pose through the same humdrum motions they did before. Late in the film, a real actor, Michael Sheen (*Frost/Nixon*), shows up as the mind-reading Aro, of the Italian Volturi vampires, and sparks things up. You can almost hear the young cast thinking, "Is that acting? It looks hard." So Sheen is quickly ushered out, and *New Moon* begins swanning toward certain box-office glory. Ever since *True Blood* glamoured me, *Twilight* seems even more sexless and toothless. I prefer my undead with a little life in them.

Everybody's Fine

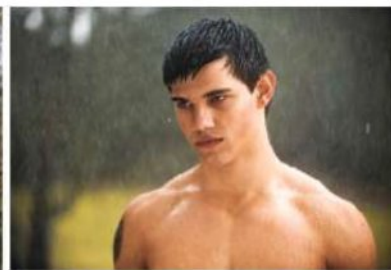
★1/2

Robert De Niro, Drew Barrymore, Sam Rockwell
Directed by Kirk Jones

A WIDOWER TRYING TO RE-connect with his children is a potent topic for a movie. Or at least it was when Jack Nicholson had a go at it in Alexander Payne's *About Schmidt*. Robert De Niro's take is to play it glum and glummer, as he glowers through this Americanized version of Giuseppe Tornatore's 1990 Italian original.



BITE ME
Taylor Lautner strips down and turns werewolf to delight Twi-hards.



FORBIDDEN LOVE Colin Firth (right) and Matthew Goode



NOTHING LIKE A DAME Helen Mirren tells it straight.

De Niro, in the role originated by a masterful Marcello Mastroianni, never really gets under the thick skin of Frank Goode, newly retired from a workaholic career at a wire factory. Frank just doesn't get why his four neglected children, now grown, aren't eager to fit him into their lives, even when he travels around the country to pay a visit.

Drew Barrymore, Kate Beckinsale and Sam Rockwell, as three of the Goode kids, are good actors sucked down in the plot's sentimental quicksand. I won't tell you about the fourth child because, well, I bet you can guess. No trite, tear-jerking cliché goes undrooled in the script by director Kirk Jones, who won awards for his Absolut vodka TV ads. I don't see any awards coming the way of *Everybody's Fine*. I, for one, am not fine about it.

A Single Man

★★★★1/2

Colin Firth, Julianne Moore, Nicholas Hoult
Directed by Tom Ford

A SORROWFUL BEAUTY INFuses every frame of this remarkable debut feature from fashion designer Tom Ford. Loosely based on the novel by Christopher Isherwood, *A Single Man* visits a single day in the life of gay Brit expat George Falconer (Colin Firth), a teach-

er at a Los Angeles college who plans on suicide to end his pain over the death of his lover, Jim (Matthew Goode). The film is stunningly visualized, with Ford achieving a feeling for light and texture to rival Wong Kar-wai's. Life with Jim is seen in black-and-white flashbacks that contrast vividly with the rich color palette of his present encounters, notably with Kenny, beautifully played by Nicholas Hoult (*About a Boy*), a student whose interests exceed the academic, and his British friend Charley (Julianne Moore), a divorcee who fantasizes that George will marry her. Moore is explosively good, especially in her drunk scene. But the film belongs to Firth. Uncanny at showing the heart crumbling under George's elegant exterior, he gives the performance of his career. Ford is a true visionary, but it's his humanity that gives the love story a ravishing, bruised grandeur.

The Last Station

★★★

Helen Mirren, Christopher Plummer, James McAvoy
Directed by Michael Hoffman

HELEN MIRREN IS A LUSTY, roaring wonder playing, of all things, the long-suffering wife of Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy (Christopher Plummer in peak form). Countess Sofya, married to the old man for 48

years and the mother of his 13 children, is beside herself over her husband's decision – in the last year of his life – to will the rights to his great literary works not to her but to, of all things, the Russian people.

Sofya faints dead away at the sight of Vladimir Chertkov (Paul Giamatti channeling Uriah Heep), who manages the utopian movement that Tolstoy founded. She spits contempt at Chertkov, calling him her husband's "boyfriend," and rages at the very sight of him.

Mirren has worn the crowns of Elizabeth I and II onscreen, but she's never played a drama queen like Sofya. To watch her threaten, cajole and seduce her husband is a treat Oscar voters cannot ignore. The incomparable Mirren is simply astounding. And Plummer, red-faced with embarrassment at his own desire for his wife after all these years, is her match. The sight of these two acting giants going at each other should come under the heading of pure, rowdy pleasure.

The film itself, energetically directed and written by Michael Hoffman, can't always rise to the level of its two dynamo stars, though James McAvoy gets in some tasty licks as Valentin Bulgakov, Tolstoy's worshipful secretary. By the end, when the estranged Tolstoy says their final goodbyes at a train station, you'll be too much in thrall to care. **F**

TOM PETTY

[Cont. from 75] game, and I was at the bottom of mine." I didn't know he was so conflicted. It's hard to speak for Bob. But I remember that night he talks about in the book, about going up to the mike to sing and nothing came out of his throat [October 5th, 1987, in Locarno, Switzerland]. He took a breath, started again, and it worked. He had some epiphany about staying on the road. I remember that, because I was scared for him: "Uh-oh, something's wrong." Then he sang, and I didn't think about it anymore. It's funny what goes on in people's heads onstage. You don't know. You're just communicating through music.

Harrison was away from music for long periods of time. Did having someone like you around help him feel engaged?

I had the feeling he was always dying to play. When he came over, you were gonna play music for an hour or two. He was very up, very active. One time, he came over, and

I was sick. I was in bed – "Man, I don't know if I can party tonight." He came in the door, right up the stairs and sat down on my bed: "C'mon, you're not that sick. Get up." *Did Harrison talk about touring, especially after the first Wilburys album was a hit?*

A part of him wanted to do that. That would come up, usually when we were a bit happy [smiles]. Then the next day, it was gone. He couldn't come to terms with it. At one point, he said, "We should get a ship, just sail around. We could pull into a cove and play to guys in out-rigger canoes. And we'll call it the *Sponsor Ship*. We'll paint a different corporate logo on it every day. That'll pay for the trip." He was so funny.

His biggest problem was the machinery of managers and booking agents. He said to me once, "I can't face waking up in Philadelphia and having to go to the soundcheck."

You played in a partial Beatles reunion. Harrison and Ringo Starr appeared in your video for "I Won't Back Down."

It was George's idea to get Ringo. What am I going to say – No? I knew Ringo. He would hang around with us. But I still can't believe that happened. We had amps on the set, and we'd be jamming between takes. I remember playing and looking at Mike, like, "How about this?"

What new artists excite you?

The latest new record I like is *Monsters of Folk*. There are some fresh things there – good, solid songs and singing. Regina Spektor is great. She has such a clear voice, and the songs are smart and soulful. I don't think it's ever a case of there's nothing good. It's just getting harder and harder to find it. It used to be that to make an album, you had to do something pretty well. To get to make a 12-inch record – that was an honor. Now everybody does it. You go to a restaurant, and the guy playing in the corner has an album.

How is your commitment now?

I don't know what kind of future we have. I can't imag-

ine starting out in this atmosphere. What it's done to me is given me a great liberation. I feel like I can do whatever I want. This live album – I spent a lot of time sequencing the tracks, making them into shows, where each disc presents a whole program.

You could take the point of view "It's gonna hit iTunes, 80 songs, and people are just gonna pull what they want." But there's somebody out there who will sit down and take it as the work it is. So I have to keep doing that. If I didn't, I would be a sham.

You also run the risk, on an album like "The Last DJ," of sounding like one of those grumpy guys who says, "It was better then. They don't make rock like they used to."

I don't think I'm a bitter old man. I'm an optimist. I believe in the human spirit. I believe we can overcome a lot of things. But it gets harder and harder, with the way things are.

I'd love to say, "Shit is so much better now" [laughs]. But it *was* better then.

101



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TEEN-ANGST GURU

[Cont. from 67] even a flicker of impatience as he listens, over and over and over, to teenage tales of woe. He never complains, snaps or drifts away. He radiates empathy, takes his time. And the kids, they feel the love. "I watch him all the time," says Jason Blades, a 23-year-old former intern at TWLOHA. "What drew me in was his honesty. Every person – every single person – he makes them feel truly valued in that moment. I wish I could be like that. I don't know – caring like that."

At the tent, a girl named Amber approaches Tworowski. "I started self-harm when I was 11," she whispers. "I told my mom, and she said, 'Why don't you just kill yourself?'" Then she says the thing Tworowski has grown used to hearing: that he saved her life.

He thanks her for being a part of the community of hope, tells her how everything matters: her dreams, her favorite song, her story. "This is about being alive," he says. "You are not alone."

Amber listens, mouth parted, lips moist.

"Can I get your picture on my camera phone?" she asks.

TWORKOWSKI WASN'T ALWAYS a self-taught savior. First he was a surfer. "A little mad dog," recalls his friend C.J. Hobgood, a former world surfing champion who's currently ranked fifth. "He used to trade waves with Kelly Slater" – the legendary surfer who was crowned world champion a record nine times. As Tworowski puts it, "I was good, but not good enough to be pro."

When Tworowski wasn't soft-pedaling through life on the Florida coast – skipping school to surf, often with his father, who felt the lessons of the ocean topped any in the classroom – he was in church. "I grew up in a family that believed in heaven and hell," he says. "But they weren't heavy-handed about it." The family's church was nondenominational, but up with Jesus. The Tworowskis prayed a lot, if not at every meal.

After high school, Tworowski went to college, something he took little pleasure in and quit during his junior year. Central Florida is the center of the surf industry on the East Coast, and Tworowski soon won a job in sales with a brand called Quiksilver. From there, he went to a rival company, Hurley, where he was offered a six-figure position. He was only 22.

"I got the job because the owner liked me so much," he says. "There was a long line of guys thinking I would fail."

He didn't. Sales suited Tworowski. He was good at selling without looking like he was selling. He was easy to be around, easy to talk to, easy on the eyes. The job led him to an enviable lifestyle, chilling with musicians and actors backstage, effortlessly

ingratiating himself into the sort of world most teens only see on MTV. He was making good money, surfing when he could, spending his off-hours in the sun, squinting into the hazy horizon. And then his friend and fellow Hurley employee Zeke killed himself.

"They announced it and then gave us 30 minutes to deal with the news," Tworowski recalls. Zeke was a sweet, fun guy. Tworowski hadn't seen it coming.

Not long after, the signs began. When you're a Christian, as Tworowski is, signs abound. Coincidences add up. Messages present themselves in clouds, callings materialize. "I had been quietly wrestling with my career choice for some time," says Tworowski. "Then all this stuff happened and I knew I had to follow my instincts."

A few days after Zeke died, a friend invited Tworowski to a video shoot for She Wants Revenge's song "Tear You Apart." The director was Joaquin Phoenix. (Sign #1!) Phoenix, predictably shambolic, had his notes inked on his arm in Sharpie marker. (Sign #2!) Phoenix, predictably emotive, revealed himself as a flawed, struggling individual. (Sign #3!) "I remember thinking, 'If he isn't afraid to be seen so vulnerable, what am I worried about?'" says Tworowski. "Here's one of the biggest guys in Hollywood, running around with crap written all over him. I thought it would be cool to live like that, to be bold."

Then, a few weeks later, he met Renee, a person whose vulnerabilities were too loud to ignore. (Sign #4!) Tworowski wrote about his freshly unchained feelings, about addiction and everyone's own little hurt locker, and before he knew it, he was at the helm of a newfound community, one fueled by the power of faith and the monetary properties of 100 percent ring-spun cotton.

But the speed of the transition, from surfer salesman to emo guru, has started to create some blowback. "You know, Dad, the whole fame thing?" Tworowski told his father recently. "I thought this is what I wanted, but I don't." The modern maharishi life is beginning to wear on him. Ceaseless empathy is exhausting. Role modeling is rough. There is no downtime. (Just ask Michael Phelps.) And then, there are the failures.

In July, the day after Renee got out of a second stint in rehab, she started drinking again. "She called me from a motel," he says. "She was alone. She told me she wanted to die." Tworowski raced to her side. When he arrived at her room, Renee was wasted, incoherent. He called security, knowing he needed help getting her to a hospital. But by the time security arrived at the door, Renee had fled, wearing socks and a bikini.

Tworowski sighs. It took a few weeks before Renee got straightened out again, but now she's doing great: sober again, going to school. This, he knows, is what

real recovery looks like. Relapses. Disappointments. *Groundhog Day*.


He also knows the pitfalls of his chosen career – how quickly one can lose oneself, how uninterrupted adulation can curdle intentions, pride predating the fall and what not. Tworowski knows all this, and yet he feels himself changing, his attention subtly shifting. A few months ago he left his sleepy hometown in Florida and moved to New York. He did it to pursue a girl. And to write.

"You know, Renee has a memoir coming out," he says over coffee at the Coffee Shop in Union Square. "It's a big deal, I think. A lot of money." He pauses, stirs more sugar into his cup. "I think I'm going to write a memoir too. I'm an idiot if I don't."

Tworowski has big plans for TWLOHA. He wants to start a 24-hour online help site, the first of its kind in the U.S., connecting peer to peer in times of crisis. He is founding college chapters, 30 by next spring, offshoots of the home base, an extension of the brand. "I want to create events," he says. "I want people to experience us live. I want to go global!" He has hired an independent booking agent for private speaking gigs. So far he commands between \$2,000 and \$5,000 a pop.

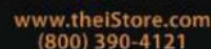
As for the girl he loves, who may or may not be in love with him, Tworowski has patience and a plan. He's going to woo her, be the best boyfriend ever, be everything she needs, and in time, he believes, she'll come around. "How could she not?" he jokes.

Then he stops laughing. "In the last few years, I've had to recognize I was really hurting," he says. "I encourage people not to be alone, but I was living a life that was pretty lonely."

Tworowski confesses he has entered therapy and started taking antidepressants. He has realized his own pain is greater than he thought, that what he is really after, like everyone else, is love. He says this with a guilty smile, says it feels, in some way, like a small failure. He frets about the revelation. "I mean, what will people think? I think people look at me and think, 'Man, his life must be awesome.' I never grew up thinking this is what my life would look like. But—" Tworowski drops his gaze, exhales. "I'm a bit of a roller coaster. I want things to be epic," he says quietly. "And everyday life isn't epic." 

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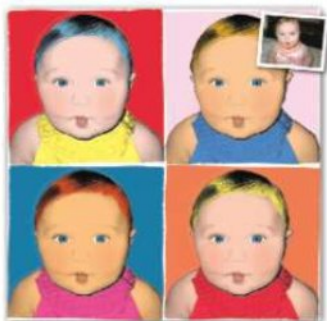
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CHARTS

iTunes TOP 10 SONGS

- Owl City**
"Fireflies" - Universal Republic
- Lady Antebellum**
"Need You Now" - Capitol Nashville
- Iyaz**
"Replay" - Beluga Heights
- Lady Gaga**
"Bad Romance" - Streamline/
KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Ke\$ha**
"TiK ToK" - RCA
- Jay-Z**
"Empire State of Mind" - Roc Nation
- Miley Cyrus**
"Party in the U.S.A." - Hollywood
- Britney Spears**
"3" - Jive
- Jason DeRulo**
"Watcha Say" - Beluga Heights
- Rihanna**
"Russian Roulette" - Island Def Jam

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- The Flaming Lips**
Embryonic - Warner Bros.
- Tegan and Sara**
Sainthood - Sire/Vapor/Warner Bros.
- Devendra Banhart**
What Will We Be - Warner Bros.
- Built to Spill**
There Is No Enemy - Warner Bros.
- The King Khan and BBQ Show**
Invisible Girl - In the Red
- Monsters of Folk**
Monsters of Folk - Shangri-La
- The Avett Brothers**
I and Love and You - Columbia
- Thao With the Get Down Stay Down**
Know Better Learn Faster - Kill Rock Stars
- A Place to Bury Strangers**
Exploding Head - Mute
- The Raveonettes**
In and Out of Control - Vice



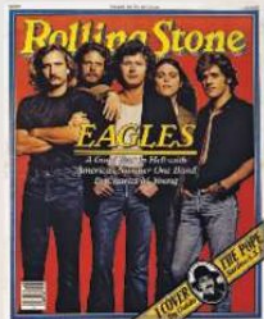
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From the Vault

RS 305, November 29th, 1979

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Barbra Streisand/Donna Summer**
"No More Tears (Enough Is Enough)" - Columbia
- Styx**
"Babe" - A&M
- Commodores**
"Still" - Motown
- K.C. and the Sunshine Band**
"Please Don't Go" - T.K.
- Eagles**
"Heartache Tonight" - Asylum
- Rupert Holmes**
"Escape (The Piña Colada Song)" - Infinity
- Stevie Wonder**
"Send One Your Love" - Tamla
- Donna Summer**
"Dim All the Lights" - Casablanca
- Barry Manilow**
"Ships" - Arista
- M**
"Pop Muzik" - Sire



On the Cover

One of the legends of the studio concerns the night that Don Henley wrote a long memo to the maid to complain about toilet paper coming off the bottom instead of the top of the roll. "It was a joke," he says. "But don't you think it should come off the top?"

—Charles M. Young

Top 40 Albums

- Bon Jovi**
The Circle - Island
- Andrea Bocelli**
My Christmas - Sugar
- Carrie Underwood**
Play On - 19/Arista
- Michael Jackson**
This Is It (Soundtrack) - MJJ/Epic
- Taylor Swift**
Fearless - Big Machine
- NOW 32**
Various Artists - EMI/Universal/Zomba
- Michael Bublé**
Crazy Love - 143/Reprise
- Flayleaf**
Memento Mori - A&M/Octone
- Glee: The Music, Volume 1**
Soundtrack - 20th Century Fox TV/Columbia
- The Twilight Saga: New Moon**
Soundtrack - Summit/Chop Shop/Atlantic
- Lady Antebellum**
Lady Antebellum - Capitol Nashville
- Sting**
If on a Winter's Night... - Cherrytree/DG
- Switchfoot**
Hello Hurricane - Lowercase People/Atlantic
- Tim McGraw**
Southern Voice - Curb
- Zac Brown Band**
The Foundation - Roar/Big Picture/Atlantic
- Jay-Z**
The Blueprint 3 - Roc-A-Fella
- Miley Cyrus**
The Time of Our Lives (EP) - Hollywood
- Owl City**
Ocean Eyes - Universal Republic
- Dashboard Confessional**
Alter the Ending - Vagrant/DGC/Interscope
- Black Eyed Peas**
The E.N.D. - Interscope
- Wale**
Attention Deficit - Allido/Interscope
- Britney Spears**
The Singles Collection - Jive
- Rod Stewart**
Soulbook - J
- Lady Gaga**
The Fame - Streamline/KonLive/Cherrytree/Interscope
- Creed**
Full Circle - Wind-up
- Trans-Siberian Orchestra**
Night Castle - Atlantic
- Darius Rucker**
Learn to Live - Capitol Nashville
- Foo Fighters**
Greatest Hits - Roswell/RCA
- Hollywood Undead**
Desperate Measures - A&M/Octone
- Miranda Lambert**
Revolution - Columbia (Nashville)
- Jason Aldean**
Wide Open - Broken Bow
- Weezer**
Raditude - DGC/Interscope
- Hannah Montana: The Movie**
Soundtrack - Walt Disney
- Sugarland**
Gold and Green - Mercury Nashville
- Jason Mraz**
Jason Mraz's a Beautiful Mess - Live on Earth - Atlantic
- Taylor Swift**
Taylor Swift - Big Machine
- Beyoncé**
I Am... Sasha Fierce - Music World/Columbia
- Kings of Leon**
Only by the Night - RCA
- AC/DC**
Backtracks - Albert Productions/Columbia
- WOW Hits 2010**
Various Artists - Word-Curb/Provident-Integrity



Keeping the Faith

After 2007's country-influenced *Lost Highway* LP, Bon Jovi return to arena rock on their 11th disc, which sold 162,861 copies in its first week.



All-American Girl

Fueled by the slick country-pop hit "Cowboy Casanova," Carrie Underwood's third disc is on track to be one of the fourth quarter's biggest albums.



Dashboard Dims

Emo pioneers Dashboard Confessional sold 30,318 copies of their sixth CD, co-produced by Adam Schlesinger. It's the act's weakest debut since 2001.



Imperfect Situation

Despite help from Lil Wayne, Jermaine Dupri and the All-American Rejects, Weezer's seventh album has only sold 84,038 copies in two weeks.

00 Chart position on Nov. 18th, 2009
00 Chart position on Nov. 11th, 2009
NEW New Entry
2ND Re-Entry
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